

BALDWIN *versus*

Reduced to

2^D

THE KING

THE

SATURDAY

REVIEW

Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

What Lady Houston thinks

**“But the Greatest of these
is Charity”**

(Cor. 1, Chapter 13.)

Last night feeling sad and unhappy I
read these beautiful words—

“Though I speak with the tongues of men and of
angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding
brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

“And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all
knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have
not charity, I am nothing.

“Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself,
is not puffed up,

“Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh
no evil;

“Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.

“Charity never faileth.

“And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.”

(Continued on page 737)



The Queen of His HEART

Reprinted from "The Daily Express"

Mr. Baldwin and The King

MR. BALDWIN speaks plain words.

He tells the House of Commons that there is no such thing as a morganatic marriage known to English law.

He is right. If the King marries Mrs. Simpson she becomes Queen of England. Mr. Baldwin is against that. And he says that he is against amending the law to make it possible for her to become Princess-Consort.

Now *we* will speak plain words.

THE WAY OUT

By this latest statement Mr. Baldwin and his Government are making a direct challenge to the King. The result is that if there was a crisis yesterday there is a worse one to-day.

There is no need for it. This grave issue has not been forced upon us by outside events beyond our own control.

It is a man-made crisis, and made here at that. But as men have made it they are capable of ending it. This thing can be brought to a close whenever Mr. Baldwin and his Government desire—by withdrawing their opposition to the King's intention of marrying.

AFTER DIVORCE

For Mr. Baldwin and the Government do not reflect the true feelings of the British people if they base their opposition to the marriage—as their Press supporters do—on the grounds that Mrs. Simpson has divorced her husband.

There is no law in England that forbids remarriage, though the church has encouraged its bishops and parsons to refuse to marry divorced persons.

Even within the Church there is a strong party who want to end this situation.

IF THE KING GOES

The dislike of certain persons for divorce is fully recognised and respected and understood.

But it has got to be gratified by the entire Empire giving up a splendid and hard-working King? For the King is being asked to pay the price of abdication for his desire to lead a happy married life.

We have to ask, "What would be the price, *for his people*, of the King's abdication?"

BUT THE KING MUST STAY

For a lifetime this King has been trained in knowledge of the countries under the Flag. There is no citizen in any part of the Empire who knows it at first hand as he does. Are we going to cast that magnificent equipment away with all the years of service that he has given? There's none in high places who better understands the ideals and sentiment of youth in this country, or the experience of his own generation.

We cannot afford to lose the King. We cannot let him give up the Throne.

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

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1855

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Love Conquers All

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.



PRIMED with instructions from Russia—to get rid of the King—Mr. Baldwin has had a busy week—backwards and forwards—backwards and forwards—several times a day to hold a pistol to the head of the King crying

“DO MY WILL—OR—ABDICATE.”

BUT LOVE IS GREATER THAN HATE.

And a woman's love has saved the situation.

The plot to get rid of the King has failed—as it was bound to do.

And this conspiracy will, like the boomerang, recoil on its projector.

TO-DAY THE KING REIGNS GREATER AND MORE FIRMLY THAN EVER IN THE HEARTS OF HIS PEOPLE.

All through this hectic week I have hardly slept or eaten, my heart has been so full of loving sympathy and indignation for the King during this cruel, heart-breaking trial he has been forced to go through.

BUT WHAT A ROMANCE!

No love story ever written can approach it.

A true tale of true love.

PROVING — NOT ONLY — WHAT A GREAT MAN THE KING IS — AS KING — BUT WHAT A GREAT AND SPLENDID TRUE LOVER. READY TO ABDICATE HIS THRONE FOR THE WOMAN HE LOVES.

In years to come when we are all dead and gone, women will weep when they read this tale telling them the love story of King Edward VIII.

FOR ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER.

Through the Looking Glass

Must the King be made unhappy or give up his Throne for the sake of a thing called the British Constitution, which does not exist?

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The King v. Baldwin

What Baldwin has done during five years to drag down in England, The King—in two days—showed the Country how to build up.

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"Qui s'excuse, s'accuse"

is an old French proverb I would like to remind those newspapers of who have been shrieking and yelling all sorts of impertinent advice to His Majesty the King.

Now they are trying to eat their own words and pretend they did not say what there is printed proof in their own columns *they did say*. But this is the sort of thing we are accustomed to from these newspapers. Invariably wrong. We never expect them to see things as they are—without vision or understanding they must not be taken too seriously, poor old things.

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Human Temperament

All of us must reckon with the King's human temperament and with the exceptional strength of his affection for the lady whom he hopes to make his wife.

In a heart-breaking and dangerous situation, where no man born of woman can be sufficient unto himself, the King this day, drawn closer to us by all that may take him from us—sure of our tenderness always whatever happens—must be honestly, wisely, firmly, and lovingly advised. These are the tears of mortal things and wring the heart.

We have no part with dull, unmannerly censors, clerical or lay, who rate the King without a gleam of understanding for the ordeal of the human conflict within him.

Can an unhappy man be other than a constrained sovereign? Should he decide to marry as his heart is set and to renounce his throne, it would be the stuff of drama and a tale that would be told for a thousand years.

The King is the King of his generation which knew the war as he did, or went through it otherwise at home or abroad. The whole of that generation has looked to him as their own. He has social sympathy and vision and urge. He has been, and he is to-day, regarded with heartfelt affection by us all.

We find in him a sovereign who, with his touch of freshness and magnetism, would give inestimable leadership to all those national causes

of to-day and the future which transcend party and sect. If he feels that he can give himself to that highest mission with undiminished dedication, his peoples will grapple him to their own hearts with hoops of steel.

The Observer.

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We Must Have the Facts

There can be no concealing that the constitutional crisis, already grave, has become still more serious as a result of the Prime Minister's bald statement in the House of Commons recently.



To the vast mass of the people the news came unheralded, unexpected, undreamed of. It is not a simple issue, but one in which personal, constitutional and political elements are almost inextricably intertwined.

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Cabinet and People

This is far too serious a matter for the usual tactics of party opposition. The only argument brought forward by the Prime Minister in his rather bald statement was the opposition of the Dominions. But the Australian Prime Minister declared recently that his Government had not been asked for its opinion. We urge the Cabinet to reveal precisely what has passed between it and the Dominion Governments. In what terms was the issue placed before the Dominions? And in what terms did they reply?

We cannot over-estimate the importance of this. If the Cabinet keeps to its present position, with Mr. Baldwin's lips still sealed, it will carry its point. But we fear that in doing so it will be creating an even graver situation in which the British people will be split from top to bottom in a conflict of loyalties, and the standing of the Throne will, as a result, be weakened.

News Chronicle.

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The King and the Lady

In the Kingdom of the Half Mad, that same prince whose difficulties over his father's illness I formerly chronicled, succeeded to the throne on the death of that same father, and almost at once found himself in difficulties with his Cabinet and with the Church.

For the new king, though just turned 40, was unmarried; and now that he was a king he wanted to settle down and set a good example to his people by becoming a family man. He needed a gentle, soothing sort of wife, because his nerves were very sensitive, and the conversation of his ministers was often very irritating.

All this seemed natural and proper; but in the country of the Half Mad you never could count on anything going off quietly. . . .

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"It is impossible for Your Majesty to defy the Constitution," said the Prime Minister. "Parliament is all-powerful."

"It has that reputation as long as it does nothing," said the King. "However, I am as devoted to the Constitution as you are. Only understand that if you push me to a General Election to ascertain the wishes of my people on this question I am quite ready to face that extremity. You will get a glorious licking. Your very mistaken ballyhoo in the Press does not impose on me."

"But there is no question of a General Election," said the Prime Minister. "Are you prepared to act by the advice of your Ministers or are you not? That is the simple issue between us."

"Well, what is your advice?" said the King. "Whom do you advise me to marry? I have made my choice. Now make yours. You cannot talk about marriage in the air—in the abstract. Come down to tin tacks. Name your lady."

"But the Cabinet has not considered that. You are not playing the game, sir," said the Prime Minister.



"You mean that I am beating you at it," said the King. "I mean to. I thought I should."

"Not at all, sir. But I cannot choose a wife for you, can I?" said the Prime Minister.

"Then you cannot advise me on the subject," said the King. "And if you cannot advise me I cannot act by your advice. . . ."

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"You seem to me to be entirely mad," said the Prime Minister.

"To a little London clique some two or three centuries behind the times I no doubt seem so," said the King. "The modern world knows better. However, we need not argue about that. Name your lady."

"I cannot think of anybody at the moment," said the Prime Minister, "though there must be lots available. Can you suggest anyone, Archbishop?"

"No; the unexpectedness of the demand leaves my mind a blank," said the Archbishop. "I think we had better discuss the possibility of an abdication."

"Yes, yes," said the Prime Minister. "Your Majesty must abdicate. That will settle the whole question and get us out of all our difficulties."

"My sense of public duty, to which your friends appeal so movingly, will hardly allow me to desert my post without the smallest excuse for such an act," said the King.

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"Your throne will be shaken to its foundations," said the Archbishop.

"That is my look-out," said the King, "as I happen to be sitting on it. But what will happen to the foundations of the Church if it tries to force me to contract a loveless marriage and to live in adultery with the woman I really love?"

"You need not do that," said the Archbishop.

"You know that I will," said the King, "if I listen to your counsel. Dare you persist in it?"

"I really think, P.M., that we had better go," said the Archbishop.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW in the *Evening Standard*.

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The Naval Reserve—A Plain Case

Our Naval Correspondent called attention recently to the parlous deficiencies of the Royal Naval Reserve. He gives precise figures, whose meaning is as unmistakable as it is unpleasant. The Royal Naval Reserve is an indispensable implement of war. Its professional seamen would be needed for active service at the very outset of hostilities. It would be impossible without them to man the great variety of auxiliary craft required for the diverse purposes of national defence. And, small as the force is—hardly more than a third of what we possessed in 1914—it could not be called out without paralysing a great part of the mercantile marine itself.

This is the grave and fundamental weakness—that our merchant shipping has shrunk to a point where it cannot provide the necessary reserves for the fighting Fleet and at the same time perform its own multiple functions in war. It is needless to enumerate the transport services on which we should be dependent for a steady supply of food and other commodities. They are as vital as any other aspect of national defence. If we had not the seamen to run them, it would be the same as if the ships were not there. As matters stand, our Naval Correspondent affirms, "the Merchant Navy literally has no men to spare." Certain "key" classes are already "practically unobtainable." And the scarcity of sea-going manpower is increasing.

The Observer.

The Lady or the Tiger

By C.H.

AS I write this the great Constitutional Crisis—so called because no constitutional principle of any kind is involved—awaits its solution. By the time this article goes to press it may have been solved in one way or another, so it may be just as well to reconsider the facts and ask ourselves what all the fuss is about.

The trouble began when the King came to the conclusion that life as King of England would be insupportable unless he could share it with a certain lady—the only lady, seemingly, who can give this brave, harassed man of 40 the care and companionship he needs. That the King should come to that decision is not surprising. A life girt by Baldwins and Inskips and Simons, by Black Areas for which nothing is done, by Bishops who cannot get people into their churches and by nitwit politicians of all parties who subordinate every national need to political expediency and their own half-baked whims, is almost insupportable to the least of the King's subjects. It must be the very devil for the King himself.

Now, as it happens, the lady to whom the King has quite clearly given his heart is a commoner, and an American and has divorced two husbands. That is not an uncommon thing among Americans.

KIND HEARTS & CORONETS

Chivalrously determined to give the lady the protection of his name, he approached his Ministers and suggested that, as he intended to marry the lady as soon as circumstances permitted, they should introduce a Bill into Parliament allowing him to make a morganatic marriage, which would not have the result of diverting the royal succession, should there be issue of that marriage, from the Duke of York and his descendants, or of bringing the lady into royal prominence on solemn public occasions.

NOW THE INTELLIGENT THING FOR MR. BALDWIN TO HAVE DONE WOULD HAVE BEEN IMMEDIATELY TO MAKE THE KING'S DESIRE KNOWN TO THE PEOPLE, POSTPONING ANY ASSERTION OF HIS OWN OR THE GOVERNMENT'S REACTION TO THE PROPOSAL UNTIL PUBLIC OPINION HAD TIME TO MAKE ITSELF FELT. Mr. Baldwin did nothing of the kind. With an almost indecent abruptness and a haste as alien to his disposition as hand-springs to a tortoise he allowed the "crisis" to be sprung by the newspapers with a hectic wealth of rumour, surmise and contradictory statement, and then, before the people had actually learned what had really happened, announced in Parlia-

ment that the Government were not prepared to introduce the legislation for which the King asked.

The result, naturally enough, was to convince millions of people that Mr. Baldwin was holding the pistol to the King's head. So he was, and his denial, when the attempt failed, that he did not intend to bring pressure to bear on the King is pure Baldwin bunkum. Mr. Baldwin's object was to stampede the King into saying that he had no immediate intention to marry. The King's refusal to say anything of the kind left Mr. Baldwin in the unfortunate position of saying to the King in effect, "Abdicate, or make Mrs. Simpson Queen of England. In the latter event the Government will resign and you will not be able to get another. Then you will have to abdicate."

THE ALTERNATIVE

But the King had an alternative course of action. He could say to Baldwin—and a surprising number of his loyal subjects have been urging him to say it—"If your Government is too stuffy to grant me the morganatic marriage I desire, I will ask my people, at a general election, which in this case will be merely an impromptu referendum, to return a Government that will."

Naturally nobody wants matters to be carried to that extreme, and it is quite on the cards that the King will prefer to abdicate. After all, it is not he who wants to be King—a thankless job at the best. It is the people who want him to remain King because he is not only the best and most popular King in sight but because he is a man for whom they entertain a strong personal liking and respect.

So, though it is up to the King to make the next move the issue is really one between Mr. Baldwin and the people. If they really want King Edward VIII to carry on and be crowned they will, unless Mr. Baldwin changes his mind, which would be the intelligent thing to do, kick the Government out for at least as long as it will take to give the King his Bill, and probably—since the opportunity of getting rid of a bumbling old incubus will be irresistible—for good and all.

Because that is the real issue, the newspapers have for the last few days been lining up on one side or the other. The "popular" Press, which is certainly the best judge of what the people want, is urging Mr. Baldwin to reconsider his decision and give the King his Bill. The argument that a morganatic marriage is unknown to our constitution is, they say, worthless. There is nothing in the constitution to forbid it and it would not even be establishing a precedent, for the King would not be the first British monarch who has not shared

his throne with his lawful wedded wife. Even if it were a precedent and involved a change of the constitution, these papers point out, it would be worth while making the change in order to keep King Edward VIII on the throne.

What one may call the pro-Baldwin, pro-Bishops papers (with which the *Daily Herald* finds itself in strange accord) have naturally to express themselves in vague terms, not only to avoid offending America but to avoid being thought Pharisaic. Their view, quite plainly, is that an American woman who has two former husbands living cannot be even morganatically married to the King-Emperor without the dignity of the Kingdom and Empire being demeaned and without the monarchical principle being badly shaken. The latter argument is, of course, worthless, for the abdication at this late stage of the proceedings of a universally popular British King as the result of a rumpus with his Ministers over

a woman would shake the monarchical principle ten times more.

The facts are (a) that there are no eligible brides in sight who would be willing to contract a loveless marriage with the King or whom the King would be willing to marry; (b) that the King is determined that Mrs. Simpson shall share his life, and (c) that in consequence the Cabinet, or if the people prefer to make a first-hand decision, the people, must choose between King Edward VIII morganatically married to an attractive American lady with two former husbands living or the accession to the throne of the Duke of York.

And though the decision may have far-reaching results, does not the point fundamentally at issue—those living ex-husbands—seem a trifling thing in a world full of burly dictators whose family trees are of so little importance that many of them do not even call themselves by their own names?

WHITEHALL WAY

By Hamadryad

How nice, if war should come, to know

That there is someone in high places

To keep the price of offals low,

And help the food to reach our faces;

Who'll ply us, when the tocsin sounds,

And on our ships the foeman pounces,

With plum and apple jam in pounds,

And meat (if we're in luck) in ounces.

* * *

Not his, it seems, to speed the plough,

Or raise more food on British acres;

Not his to raise more flocks, I trow,

Or home-grown flour for British bakers.

We can't have farmers waxing fat,

And any Food Director, once he

Started in doing things like that,

Would get the bird from free trade Runcy.

* * *

His job's to see that what we lack

Is gone without by everybody;

That everyone who wants his whack,

Bill Sykes as well as Lord Tomnoddy,

Queues up, and if the enemy

Makes of our breakfasts an oblation,

The F.D.'s task will be to see

That each one shares the same starvation.

* * *

We shall be sure, at any rate,

Of lots of Whitehall paper-passing;

There will be forms in triplicate,

And other methods of harassing

The householder who comes along

For sago, sausages or suet,

And he who fills his form in wrong,

Perchance in jail will learn to rue it.

There will be stores of foreign wheat,

Barley and oats, in secret granaries,

And lots of lovely bully meat

From Argentina's bulging canneries.

How to get more, should war draw near,'s

A point that still awaits solution;

The Food Director, it appears,

Will be confined to distribution.

* * *

But there are those who take the view

That this is more of Baldwin's bumbling,

That once the foeman's planes break through,

And bring the towers of London tumbling,

We shall be flat upon our back,

Who once were freedom's proud defender,

That lack of brains, and not the lack

Of food, will bring us to surrender.

* * *

If we could shed this bumbling clown

Who cheated Britain of protection,

And let the land's defences down

For fear of losing an election,

If we could lose that prating chump

Who, when Genievaward he's seen off,

Causes our anxious breasts to thump;

And glads the bosom of Litvinoff,

* * *

If only we'd a Government

Courageous, honest and foreseeing,

Not full of crank ideas but bent

On Britain's safety and well-being,

We'd not require the Board of Trade

To fill our lives with more inspectors,

Or need to summon to our aid

The futile zeal of Food Directors,

An Open Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury

By Comyns Beaumont

YOUR GRACE,—

It is common knowledge that your conscience was smitten at the prospect of crowning His Majesty Edward VIII, because he proposes to marry the lady of his choice, your objection being that she is a divorced woman in the sense that recently she divorced her husband. You are said, on reliable information, to have informed the King that unless he severs his connection with this lady you, as the Primate of All England, will refuse to perform the ceremony of the Coronation, saying that in the circumstances such an act would be a "hollow mockery."

WHY NOT RESIGN?

Your conscience, admittedly, would entitle you to offer your resignation as Archbishop of Canterbury sooner than perform a task if repugnant to you. **IF YOUR RESIGNATION WERE REGRETTABLE IT IS AS NOTHING AGAINST THE INTENTION TO FORCE THE ABDICATION OF THE KING, WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN CONSECRATED TO ONE CONSTANT AND CONTINUOUS SERVICE TO HIS COUNTRY.** That it entitles you to use your position as a threat to refuse to do your duty is another matter, and the King would have been justified as the Head of the Church to have removed you from your exalted office forthwith. How can such an act, threatened or implied, be in consonance with your oath of allegiance to the King's Majesty which you took after his accession?

MORE IMPERTINENCE

The Bishop of Bradford cast the first stone outwardly at his Diocesan Conference when he publicly rebuked the King by saying that His Majesty needed the "Grace of God" for his office and added that "Some of us wish he gave more positive signs of such awareness." Very obviously his words meant and were intended to mean that the King does not possess "the Grace of God" (whatever the phrase may signify), and showed no

"awareness," presumably recognition, of this "Grace." **AT ONCE A TREMENDOUS CONVULSION SHOOK THE NATION, FROM THE HIGHEST TO THE LOWEST.**

True, the Bishop of Bradford subsequently denied that the words signified what the entire Press who published them took them to mean, namely, the King's affection for Mrs. Simpson, whom he intends to marry when he may.

KING AND CHURCH

The Bishop explained it as a rebuke to the King's apparent indifference to religious observances. In other words, he does not reveal that outward observance of going to Church so much as the Bishop would like. Probably the Bishop judges piety and "Grace of God" by the number of times the King listens to a form of words and usually a dreary sermon, and the absence from the prayer meeting is his lack of "awareness."

Unfortunately, long before King Edward ascended the Throne, millions of men and women had, and have, given up church-going. **IS IT THEIR FAULT ENTIRELY? IS IT NOT TIME THAT THE CHURCH PUT ITS OWN HOUSE IN ORDER?**

REAL RELIGION

If the Bishop of Bradford judged the King on this he possesses a shallow idea on the subject of true religion. Lip-service and hypocrisy go hand in hand, and are shams. The King is intensely religious in the right way. His early and continued connection with "Toc H," the only real religious revival we have had since the War, proves this and many other acts of his reveal a man with a deep religious and even mystic nature.

Your conscience forbids you to crown the King because he proposes to marry Mrs. Simpson. If he went through the hypocrisy of a State-inspired marriage you would crown him. If he breaks his pledge to Mrs. Simpson and casts her aside, you will crown him. But I ask you by what right you, or any other priest of the Church of England, dare

refuse to marry or penalise divorced persons whoever they be, since divorce is recognised by the State as a legal right? In fact you, as the Primate, commit acts of illegality in refusing to give the rites of the Church to divorced persons who wish to marry.

You make a parade of your conscience, but what of the King's? You deny him a conscience at all.

PARDON ME IF I WONDER WHAT SORT OF CONSCIENCE YOU POSSESS YOURSELF.

Leaving aside the question of Christian charity and the apparent lack of it among the princes of the Church, how could you reconcile it with your conscience as a Christian to have used all your influence on the side of the Amharas, slave-traders, and cruel tyrants, who mutilated and massacred, whilst showing no recognition of the sufferings of Christians? How could you support the League of Nations when Russia was admitted and through Litvinoff did its best to bring about a war between Britain and Italy? You know the Soviet is godless, that it repudiates Christ, preaches atheism and the destruction of all morals.

YOUR CONSCIENCE

What has your conscience done about the massacres of Christians in Spain? The Anarchists have murdered after torture thousands of Christians, priests, nuns and laymen for no other reason than that they were followers of Christ. *The Times* of November 28 reports that nine priests and 32 nuns were shot in cold blood by "Government militia" at Valencia. Did you protest? Has the Church, under your guidance, taken any steps, uttered a word of reproach or regret, or shown the slightest sign of sorrow? Extraordinary. What sort of conscience is it that preaches Christianity but is oblivious to its persecution and seems to limit its sympathy to atheists, regicides and assassins?

FOUL DOCTRINES

What are you doing to destroy Communism in our schools in Great Britain? To-day thousands of little children are being encouraged by teachers to negative God. They are becoming the breeding-places of the foul doctrines of Marx and Lenin, in all their beastliness. Has the Church waged a campaign against this menace to the nation and the world? A queer conscience is it that can remain unmoved when Christians are persecuted, and can calmly stand by when the youth of our country is being insidiously corrupted in beliefs and morals, **AND YET, BECAUSE THE KING INTENDS TO MARRY A LADY WHO HAS DIVORCED HER HUSBAND, BRING ABOUT A REVOLUTION AND FORCE A SPLENDID MONARCH TO SEEK EXILE ABROAD?**



The Archbishop of Canterbury

THIS IS THE WORK OF R

THE Crown is the bulwark of our Empire, the greatest and richest Empire the world has ever known.

The British Empire and the loyalty and devotion of the people for the House of Windsor has always been the one insurmountable obstacle to the Soviet dream of world revolution, for as long as the King of England holds his Crown and the loyalty, allegiance and love of his people, the criminals of the Kremlin have realised that it would be impossible to obtain the support of the

By . . .

MERIEL BUCHANAN

It has always been the aim of the secret alien forces which control Communism to overthrow degrade and contaminate the Thrones of Sovereigns and the fact that the Bolsheviks made a start with their own Sovereign cannot be ignored or forgotten. Craftily and insidiously, they have set to work in all the crowned countries of Europe.

For years before the Great War and the Revolution in Russia, poisonous propaganda, issued from the Third International at Stockholm, was being spread over the whole country, propaganda which defiled and besmirched the Royal Family and stopped at nothing in order to blacken the name of the Tsarina in the eyes of the people. During all the long weary years of the Great War this propaganda was fostered and encouraged linking the name of the Tsarina with the name of the criminal priest Rasputin, not sparing even the young Grand Duchesses in its foul and

lying insinuations, **FOR THE EVIL CRIMINALS WHO CONTROLLED THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL KNEW ONLY TOO WELL THAT AS LONG AS THE PEOPLE LOVED THE ROYAL FAMILY IT WOULD BE USELESS TO LET LOOSE THE REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.**

I was in Russia during those years and I know how cunningly the net was spread, I know with what insidious trickery, with what satanic and devilish lies the people of Russia were deceived and were urged into revolt against the sacredness of the Crown, how craftily they were led to believe that they had been betrayed by the Tsar and Tsarina and how, hoodwinked by that false propaganda, they were induced to follow their real betrayers and bind themselves in a slavery from which they will never escape and which is slowly destroying them.



The Tsar and Tsarina, with their happy family.

proletariat of England for their aims of insubordination and revolt.

For years past Stalin has been scheming and plotting to destroy this integrity, this uprightness and solidarity of the English Crown, for years past his agents have been watching and waiting for an opportunity to do their fell work of destruction and disintegration, a work which has always been doomed to failure because of the position which the Royal Family hold in England, and the deep affection with which the people regard them.

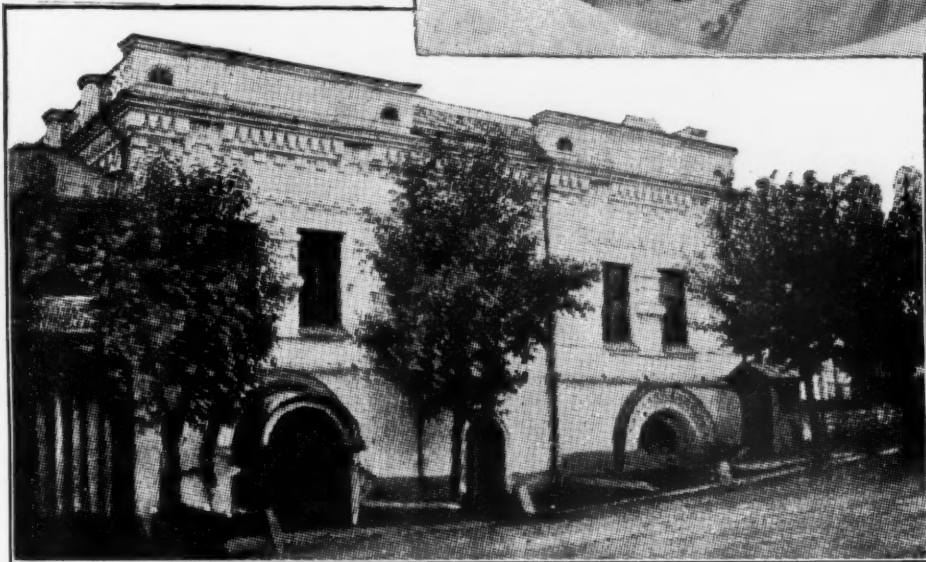
A HAND LIFTED AGAINST THE KING AND THE WHOLE NATION IS UP IN ARMS AT ONCE, and those few extremists who might have engineered that act of terrorism would have been torn to pieces. England is not Russia, that vast country where all that is contemptible in slavery is allied to all that is hateful in robbery.

RUSSIA

The same evil forces which overthrew the Throne of Russia will now attempt to cast their satanic spell over England; they probably think this present crisis is an admirable time to commence their evil operations over here; they have for long tried to undermine the faith of the nation. **BUT THEY WILL FIND THEMSELVES ONCE AGAIN FACED WITH THE SOLID WALL OF THE PEOPLE'S LOYALTY TO THEIR KING.** "We want our King." That cry must sound as a death knell to Stalin and his fellow murderers, and Communists, Reds and traitors may well despair when they observe how



The Tsarina with the Tsarevitch



The house in Ekaterinburg, where the Russian Royal family was murdered.

those vast crowds that gather to watch their favourite sport have had a thought for their King, and have lifted up their voices and have given expression to their sympathetic feelings by singing "God save the King."

The poisonous seeds of disruption and revolt cannot take root

so long as that Loyalty and Love endures.

the people of England not only love their King, but how much they believe in a Royal Rule for England. **IS IT NOT TIME THAT THESE SEDITIOUS CRIMINALS PACKED UP THEIR BAGS WITH ALL THEIR POISONOUS PROPAGANDA AND BETOOK THEMSELVES TO SOME OTHER CLIMATE WHERE THE SOIL IS READY FOR THE SEEDS OF REVOLUTION AND REVOLT?**

Never before perhaps has the deep-seated loyalty of the British people been so clearly expressed as during these last few days of trial and crisis, and however deep the King's personal grief and worry he has undoubtedly been comforted by the tokens of love and devotion so spontaneously expressed by his subjects. Even

"WE WANT OUR KING!" MUST NOT THOSE WORDS BE BALM TO THE SPIRIT OF THE KING, STORM-STRESSED AND SHAKEN BY HIS SUFFERING AND THE CRUEL PRESSURE PUT TO BEAR ON HIM? Our hearts go out to the man as well as the King, and it is that love and sympathy as well as that loyalty and devotion to the Crown of England which will alone save the Empire at this present crisis. It will make any devilish attempt of Soviet Russia futile and show Stalin and Litvinoff that their evil wiles are in vain and that, whatever our Ruler decides, a King will still reign over our great Empire.

Italy Fights Communism

By Commendatore Luigi Villari

IN certain quarters in Great Britain and France the consolidation of Italy's friendly relations with Germany has caused some surprise and bewilderment. Italy is accused of abandoning her old allies and seeking after strange gods. Italy's reply that it is not she who is abandoning her old friends, but her old friends who had abandoned her. Throughout the Abyssinian conflict it was they who threatened and bullied her and tried to strangle her, while Germany proved friendly throughout and rejected all advances from the League of Nations to participate in the strangling process. In the second place, it is not Italy who is seeking after strange gods in Berlin (nor Germany in Rome) **BUT ITALY'S OLD ALLIES WHO ARE SEEKING AFTER VERY STRANGE GODS INDEED IN MOSCOW.**

Italian public opinion cannot understand how it is that the British public fails to realise that it is no use professing alarm at the danger that Europe might be divided into two camps, the Fascist and the Communist. Europe is so divided already, and it is no use saying that, whatever silly people may do on the Continent, the British need not fear anything unpleasant happening in their own tight little island. The Red danger, if less apparent in Great Britain than in some other countries, is, as the *Saturday Review* has so often pointed out, there all the same and penetrating ever deeper.

GERMANY'S FIRM STAND

After the war the British, like the Italians, realised that Germany could not be permanently excluded from the comity of nations without grave danger to peace and consequently to European civilisation. But it was Italy who first gave practical expression to that conviction, and to-day Germany is something more than one civilised nation among others, but has taken, like Italy, a definite stand against Communism which is trying to poison the rest of the world.

Italy was the first country to raise the standard of civilisation, patriotism and religion against Red disintegration, and to crush Communism. Is it to be wondered at if she now collaborates with Germany who is taking a strong line against Communism? Austria, too, was threatened with the same danger and likewise shook it off, and Hungary who actually experienced for six months the horrors of a Communist tyranny, has also joined the anti-Communist front. They too, like Germany, had refused to be drawn into the criminal folly of sanctions, thereby earning Italy's gratitude.

To-day we are witnessing the magnificent struggle of all that is best in Spain to liberate that great country from the savagery armed, financed and led by the Moscow gangsters. **IT IS SURELY NOT SURPRISING THAT THIS PATRIOTIC MOVEMENT SHOULD FIND SYMPATHY IN GERMANY AND ITALY,** nor that those Powers should have recognised the Burgos Government as the only representative of the real Spain, for the so-called "legitimate and democratic" Government of Madrid is not only no longer in Madrid, but split up into a dozen separate organisations with nothing in common except their criminal propensities.

Finally we have Japan joining the anti-Communist front, and, in spite of the snuffy superiority of *The Times* leaders, there is nothing to be wondered at in this fact as Japan sees in Russia and in Communist propaganda in China a serious menace to peace and order in the Far East. Even if she has not yet concluded a formal treaty with Germany she has declared her intention of making common cause with all those nations who are fighting Communism.

PATRIOTIC POLICY

And in those countries whose Governments profess to be averse both to Communism and Fascism, but have a weak place in their hearts for the former, there are important movements for promoting a more dignified, vigorous and patriotic policy; their supporters naturally regard the Italo-German anti-Communist front with sympathy, even if they do not wish to see Italian or German institutions exactly copied in their own lands whose traditions and habits are different. Although many superior persons profess to see little to choose between Fascism and Communism, there is one essential difference which jumps to the eye of all who wish to see. **COMMUNISM IS DEFINITELY INTERNATIONAL,** and can only hope to flourish and maintain itself by spreading to all countries, and the Soviet Government must make every effort to establish Communism everywhere, by promoting international wars and internal revolutions in every country.

Fascism on the other hand, even if spiritually international, can perfectly well develop in one country without needing to convert others. Italian Fascists naturally tend to sympathise with the supporters of analogous movements abroad and believe that the fundamental principles of Fascism

will sooner or later become more widespread, but they never attempt to introduce them into other countries, and Italy is always prepared to collaborate with all Powers who stand for the maintenance of Western civilisation and order, whatever may be their particular forms of government.

With the British Empire in particular, as Signor Mussolini has repeatedly affirmed, she has every wish to be on the old friendly terms; that Empire is indeed seriously menaced not by Fascist Italy but by Soviet Russia **ESPECIALLY IN INDIA.**

No one should fail to realise the danger which menaces countries with flabby pinkish rulers and ruling classes, who, while professing not to be Socialist or Communist, are ready to coquette with Red extremism on the principle that "after all there may be something in it"—the last resort for feeble and loose-thinking minds.

UNHOLY ALLIANCE

In France the Bolshevising process has gone further than in Great Britain and has found expression in the present semi-Communist Government and that unholy alliance, the Franco-Soviet Pact. Yet even Great Britain runs a serious risk if encouragement continues to be extended to the forces of sedition, patriotism to be despised as a back number and the Oxford Union to vote its notorious resolutions. Kerenskyism is always the open door to Communism, and the Kerenskyites, even if they are distinguished classical scholars or members of the peerage, will always be first to be hanged or shot when the Reds come into power, in spite of the kind things they have said about Bolshevism or the nasty ones about Fascism.

WHY CANNOT ALL THE REALLY SOUND COUNTRIES — AND GREAT BRITAIN IS STILL ESSENTIALLY SOUND — COME TOGETHER AND FORM A COMMON BARRIER AGAINST THE COMMON MENACE? UNITED THEY ARE INFINITELY STRONGER THAN SOVIET RUSSIA AND ITS ALLIES IN OTHER LANDS, BECAUSE THEY ARE SUPPORTED BY MORE CIVILISED, VIGOROUS AND COURAGEOUS PEOPLES.



Italy and Germany are united in their determination to crush Communism.

It is only by sapping the strength of those peoples by poisonous propaganda and by promoting international conflicts between them that the Soviets can hope for success. The breach in British-Italian friendship over Abyssinia was largely exploited by Communism all the world over, which also profited by the reaction produced by France's adherence to sanctions against the laboriously achieved improvement in Franco-Italian relations.

LITVINOFF'S LEAGUE

The League of Nations, which Soviet Russia had previously regarded as the invention of the Wicked Capitalist States, suddenly proved, as soon as she was admitted to it, a valuable instrument in the skilful hands of M. Litvinoff-Finkelstein, for trying to provoke bigger and better wars and to crush Fascism. A little injection of Soviet virus has had astonishing effects in turning jelly-fish pacifists into roaring lions seeking whom they may devour, and even if they expect the devouring to be done by somebody else, the roaring is apt to affect democratic politicians and make them fear they may lose an election if they do not play up to it.

Can these kind-hearted and well-meaning people *never* be made to realise that they have been and are still being shamelessly exploited by men infinitely cleverer and more unscrupulous than themselves for ends, beneficial no doubt to the latter, but which the former, if only they understood them, would regard with unmitigated horror?

Eve In Paris

ON the first night of opera at the beautiful Theatre des Champs Elysées, where the National Academy of Music receives temporary accommodation, the audience reminded observers of assemblies seen in foreign capitals during the past days of Parisian elegance. Monsieur had actually habited himself in correct evening dress, forsaking his recent slovenly fashion of retaining a lounge suit for dinner, and Madame gaily assumed the smart frock which, when accompanied by a spouse in the shabby business clothes affected by even the most aristocratic, she cannot wear. Some persons present recalled the wonderful gala opening of the theatre in 1913 when all Paris came to view its white splendours, architecture and decorations being far in advance of that period.

The performance of "Lohengrin," with such favourite artists as Mmes Germaine Lubin, Renée Gilly and M.M. Georges Thill, and Froumenty was enthusiastically applauded. Many of the habitués of the Palais Garnier will regret the return of the operatic company to that old-fashioned edifice, with its faulty acoustics.

* * *

FRENCH literature has experienced a severe loss by the recent death after a long illness, of M. Arthème Fayard, the well-known Editor.

A man of exceptional talents, devoted to his profession, his judgment in literary matters was infallible, and he did much to improve the taste of the reading public by producing editions of the best authors at a moderate price, such as "Meilleurs Livres," "Oeuvres Libres" "Livres de Demain" which met with enormous success.

In journalism he possessed wonderful instinct, knowing exactly how to attract attention, and preserve interest. He founded *Candide*, now widely circulated, *Je suis Partout* and *Ric-Rac*, most remunerative of his productions. While associated with these papers, he personally supervised all matter that appeared in their columns, judging work on its own merits, and had been known to return contributions from eminent Academicians, who accepted his judgment good-humouredly, as did his devoted friend the dramatist, Bernstein, whom he sometimes criticised severely.

M. Arthème Fayard was never so happy as surrounded by his numerous friends, in his Château de Pinterville, or his house in Rue de la Faisanderie where Madame Fayard, a charming and gifted hostess reigned over a literary salon, frequented by intimates such as Léon Daudet, with his clever wife; Sacha Guitry; Henri Duvernois and other Academicians, with young protégés, whose talent had been discovered and fostered by "Le Patron."

Among rising authors must be mentioned M. Arthème Junior. His father had the great happiness not very long ago, of seeing the "Prix Goncourt" awarded to his offspring.

AN interesting marriage was celebrated at St. Honoré d'Eylau between Mlle. Marie-Victoire Alphand, daughter of H. E. the French Ambassador to Berne and Mme. Charles Alphand and M. Pierre Charpentier, Secretary of Embassy, son of M. Jean-Charles Charpentier, First Secretary of Embassy.

Monseigneur Pie-Eugène Neveu, Bishop of Kitros, and Apostolic Administrator at Moscow, officiated. Witnesses for the bride were M. Edouard Herriot, President of the Chamber of Deputies, Madame Philippe Berthelot, and M. Eric Labone, Minister Plenipotentiary; for the bridegroom, T. E. M.M. de Fleuriau, and Conty, French Ambassadors, and M. Grignon, Counsellor at the Court of Appeal.

The bride looked charming in a skin-tight dress of white satin softened with tulle, a quaint little skull-cap of white satin being worn from which fell the long white tulle veil. She carried a sheaf of white lilies.

M. Alphand was French Minister in Ireland for a while, being transferred thence, some years ago, as Ambassador to Russia, where the severe climate and bad food affected his health. He will find Switzerland a welcome change from U.S.S.R.

* * *

THERE have been critical moments of late in the Chamber where the attitude the Front Commun would take during the Debate on External Affairs appeared doubtful. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Delbos, declared that Anglo-French friendship formed the keystone of European peace, and he re-affirmed the Government's policy of non-intervention in Spain. The Communists, of course, were not among those who applauded the Minister's speech, but they created no disturbance, as had been feared. What they will do later remains to be seen, for they are determined to bring France into War, to defend their Red Comrades.

* * *

THIS was shown at the great meeting held in the "Vel. d'Hiv." as the Vélodrome d'Hiver is popularly called. M. Blum was received with derisive howls, and cries "Blum à l'Action" "Avions, Canons pour l'Espagne." Thorez, his enemy, arrived in a splendid limousine, worthy of any execrated Capitalist, and was frantically applauded when after an inflammatory speech he cried "Vive le Front Populaire, pour donner au Peuple de France, le Pain, la Paix, et la Liberté."

Cheering this sentiment to the echo, no-one present paused to reflect on the unfortunate fact, that since the Socialist Government has come into power, the price of bread, essentially the staff of life to the poorer classes in France, has augmented; that interference in Spain means War; and that Liberty has ceased to exist.

Heading for Revolution

From Our Correspondent in India

PUNDIT NEHRU has recently been addressing vast multitudes in Calcutta, where he received a tremendous ovation. On the eve of his departure from Calcutta he said, "I rejoice that Bengal stands together, a united house, prepared to face the opponents of India's freedom and to co-operate fully in the cause of India's freedom and of the emancipation of the masses from exploitation. . . All the repression and suppression that Bengal has had to put up with has not damped the spirit of her people or made them waver in their passion for freedom. . . Our salvation demanded the sinking of petty differences and the building up of a strong and impregnable front against the Imperialism that envelops and crushes us."

These are just short excerpts from his address, and be it remembered that Calcutta is the place where revolutionary trouble first came out into the open and the assassination of officials in the discharge of their duties first began.

Calcutta is encircled by jute and cotton mills with a vast industrial population. In the City itself there is a huge population of half-educated unemployed, turned out by schools, colleges and law institutions, and from the ranks of these the deluded tools of the Revolutionary Party in Bengal have been recruited. The Pundit's address is, therefore, likely to have serious repercussions.

Against Imperialism

To stir up trouble among the mill hands is, at all times, an easy thing to do, and to visualise the sack of Calcutta by hordes of armed mill hands is in no way wildly imaginative. The Pundit has openly voiced the fact that labour, industrial and agrarian, must be organised to enable them to wrest freedom from the British, and it is significant that hitherto, in public speeches, it was Imperialism that the masses had to fight, now it is frankly the British.

These are straws; but in such times as these, when the Red Menace is a definite danger to our Empire and to the world at large, it is necessary that straws should be noticed to determine the direction of the revolutionary wind and stop it from becoming a whirlwind spreading destruction in its trail.

At Vizagapatam on November 12, addressing thousands, the Pundit said, "We must organise the Indian people and generally make them strong enough to wrest power out of unwilling hands. In order to gain independence, India should meet the might of the British Empire. . . We must find strength for the Indian people so that they may be able to wrest freedom from the British people. . . There is now more of the

spirit of revolution in India than in the days of the non-co-operative campaign."

One would like to ask what the Pundit means exactly by "they must find the strength for the Indian people." Is he looking to Russia?

At Rajahmundry, on November 13, addressing the Andhra peasantry, he said, "He had heard of the peasants' organisations and their revolt against the Zemindars. . . It was the spirit of resistance of the Andhra peasants that attracted him, and he felt that if the peasants' problem was not solved, they would themselves look to its solution and the result would be an agrarian revolution."

"Class Consciousness"

With reference to the Pundit's addresses, it is interesting to note what Mr. N. G. Ranga said in his presidential address at the Kistna District Ryots' Conference. He congratulated the Andhra peasants and Kistna Ryots on having developed such a high degree of class consciousness and organisation, that it had helped the Pundit to realise the great contribution the masses were going to make in the coming political and economic struggle in the near future. At the Hospet Ryots' Conference Mr. Ranga drew attention to the fact that the peasant organisations all over India had gained enormous strength and Ryots had learnt to assert themselves. He said that it was a great mistake to treat Government officials as masters. From the Viceroy down to the police constable they were servants of the public and should be treated as such. Be it noted that Mr. Ranga was admonishing ignorant masses incapable of drawing any distinction between public and private servants.

In order to estimate rightly the importance of all that is happening in India to-day, the foregoing must be read in the light of the revelations made recently at Cawnpore by the Government Special Investigation Officer for Political Crimes at the trial of Sheo Singh.

The Red Hand

That the Red Hand of Russia is behind the scenes there can be little doubt. Revolutionary incendiarism is active in Lahore, and leaflets of the "Society of Red Assassins" have been found by the police in every case.

Can we afford to ignore these activities or when action is taken, take merely abortive action? Is it necessary that thousands of innocent lives should be first sacrificed before our eyes open to enable us to read the writing writ large on the map of India? *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, but once that move is made, India will realise that the Sirdar still governs!

Germany and Japan :

The Inner Story

By Ignatius Phayre

LAYING down an historic pen after signing the Five-Year Agreement with Japan, Joachim von Ribbentrop remarked, "This is an epoch-making event!" With him sat Count Kintomo Mushakoji, who put his name to the duplicate Pact, "Done at Berlin on November 25, in the 11th year of the Showa Period." Ostensibly a *coup* against the curse of Communism as expounded by the Seventh Comintern Congress, we have here a deed which has thrilled the world from Warsaw to Washington.

It is thought to include a secret annex dealing with the Mandated Isles of the Pacific and with startling "spheres of interest" which these two bold Powers are to exploit in the Dutch East Indies. Significant here is the name signed after Mushakoji's—that of Major-General Oshima, the Japanese Military Attaché in Berlin. This lends colour to the fears of Francophiles that Japan's Army has had a covert hand in this novel instrument.

For the first time, then, these two mighty nations are formally linked against the Soviet outlaws; how much more is hidden can only be surmised. I hear of a deal just closed in Hsinking with the Manchuria Government whereby Germany will admit goods from that State to the value of 100,000,000 yuan (about £6,000,000) during the current year.

PREPARING THE WAY

Let me trace the steps of a policy of tremendous import. Two years ago Vice-Admiral Matsushita left his training-ship at Marseilles and hurried up to Berlin with his officers. Their reception was truly royal. At a banquet given by the German-Japanese Association, their Eastern visitor compared "our Japanese Fatherland" with Herr Hitler's own. "Far apart geographically" (Matsushita averred) "our two countries are yet one in high efficiency, valour and tenacity." No accident was it that both Powers had to face international trials, and were forced to struggle for "a Peace of equal rights."

Japan's present envoy in Berlin was sent there ten months ago to prepare the way for this dramatic pooling of interests. Although Mushakoji had previously served in Germany, he addressed Hitler in Japanese when presenting his letters of credence in the Presidential Palace. He returned the more gladly (the Count said) because he could now observe how the Reich, under the dynamic guidance of her Leader, was again "conscious of her olden strength."

In reply, Hitler assured him that "Germany felt unlimited admiration for the Japanese nation,

its ancient culture and amazing achievements. On the basis of spiritual kinship, too, our relations have become a tradition."

Meanwhile, 6,000 miles off, the Guild of Swordsmiths in Nagoya had forged a two-edged blade sheathed in shark-skin and designed by that mystic (and ex-War Minister), Sadao Araki. High Army officers then called at the 'quake-proof German Embassy in Tokyo to present this *samurai*—symbol to Dr. Nobel, the Chargé d'Affaires. It was inscribed: "To Adolf Hitler whom we so highly honour, this Sword is given in token of the Japanese spirit (*Nippon Sheishin*), and in the hope that the ties which bind us may be thereby strengthened."

BOLSHEVIST BOAST

Even then, statesmen like Léon Archimbaud, of the Paris Chamber, and Jvon Delbos, at the Quai d'Orsay, feared that a formal Pact was indicated. Had they not heard Hitler himself denouncing the monstrous polity of Soviet Russia, which had vowed to "flaunt the Red Flag from the English Channel clear across Europe and Asia to the further ocean at Vladivostok"? Again, in his great Reichstag speech of March 7, Hitler scathed Russia's prodigious forces by land and air, citing Klementy Voroshiloff's boast of military reserves up to 17,500,000 men!

In Berlin one heard that Marshal Blomberg and Frieherr von Fritsch, his Chief of Staff, were by no means sure it was wise to link East and West in this daring and drastic fashion. In Tokyo, too, even Prince Kimmochi Saionji, as sole survivor of the Elder Statesmen who advise the Throne, had to be persuaded to approve this Pact. As for Moscow, the Editor of the official *Isvestia* (Bukharin) knew there was something in the wind. Last January he decried, "These furtive parleys in Berlin, carried on by Japanese fanatics who hide from their own people and the Press the sinister plans they hatch against the U.S.S.R."

The *Pravda* told how General Göring invited Japanese officers to study the latest aspects of the *Wehrmacht* in his own Air Force, whose Berlin buildings cover eleven acres and comprise 2,500 offices. Japan's schools and her State Constitution are moulded on those of Germany. Tokyo's hill-set Houses of Parliament were built and fitted by German architects at a cost of 26,000,000 yen. Strangest of all, Foreign Minister Von Neurath could assure his Far Eastern friends that: "Our veto on marriages with non-Aryans does not apply to the Japanese." Scientific research by Berlin's Race-Investigation Bureau showed that the martial blood of *Dai Nippon* had



The Japanese Diet in session.

in its virtues that mated well with the pure Nordic strain.

As though to prepare for the coming Pact, a large band of German correspondents opened offices in Tokyo's skyscrapers last year, all of them instructed by that propagandist of genius, Paul Josef Goebbels. Both Powers, as we know, had turned their backs upon the "talk-shop" in Geneva as a windy futility.

How do our own naval strategists view this new Alliance, which has replaced the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of 1902, implemented by Lord Lansdowne? They all deplore it. Said Sir Roger Keyes in the House of Commons, "I have always thought it a grievous mistake to terminate that Treaty. It was of immense value to us in the Far East and carried with it a guarantee of Peace in precarious Empire waters. In the first place, it gave us due control over Japan's acts: she paid close attention to our counsels, and would do so again if we gave her a chance." But our Dominions—especially Canada and Australia—joined the United States in condemning that Alliance.

The adhesion of Italy as a silent partner rounds off a new "Triple Alliance" of extraordinary significance. Russia's reaction to it is all bluster and violence. At the All-Union Congress of Soviets, Lubchenko, as Premier of the Ukrainian Republic, denounced Germany and Japan for preaching "a crusade against the U.S.S.R." . . . "Hitler will never foul the fair gardens of our Ukraine," its boss shouted. "Let us warn these Nazis that to invade our lands is far less easy than marching into the Rhineland. If they dare to menace our borders, the Red Army will strike them a smashing blow, such as was never yet known in history!" To this the Moscow *Pravda* adds, "Koki Hirota's Cabinet well knows that we have written proof of a military Treaty between Germany and Japan."

The trade nexus, too, shows significant signs. Thus a 12,000,000-mark deal has just been put through in Berlin between a German engineering concern and Mr. Kato, the Trade Commissioner of Manchuria. This covers delivery of an oil-from-coal plant to Hsinking, and a licence to make synthetic petrol by the Fischer system. It is no wonder that Moscow is alarmed by all this. Stalin's envoy in Tokyo (the blunt Yureneff) hurried to Hachiro Arita in the *Kasuma-ga-seki* (or "Misty Barrier,"—i.e., the Foreign Office) to ask "why Hitler's Government seeks the aid of Japanese police, and Japan the help of Germans, to fight Communism in their own countries?"

Roosevelt's State Department is worried over what it calls "this mad marriage of convenience." From Paris to Prague rings out the old alarm of Théophile Delcassé, "*Aler! Où sommes nous?*"

To China's bureaucracy it has come as "a severe shock." As to Russia, Stalin's dilemma is clear. Will he drop the grotesque "dualism" of his cynical system and wipe out the Comintern as a cancer-cell of world-wide revolution? Or will he and his minions plod on in the same damnable rut, which can only lead to ruin?

As for our own Foreign Office, could anything be more inept than the mindless "talkies" of Anthony Eden with Mr. Yoshida, Japan's new Ambassador, and the courtly Von Ribbentrop, whose spoken English is a marvel to his British friends. The 65,000,000 martial people of *Dai Nippon* were once "behind us." Hitler's 67,000,000 Germans were "behind us" also—as a glance at *Mein Kampf* will demonstrate to any doubter. What madness, then, to alienate these two titans of East and West! Are we to have the mightiest of all military States no longer "behind us"—but possibly *confronting* us?

BALDWIN *versus* THE

THESE words are written before it is known what is to be the outcome of the failure of Mr. Baldwin to comply with the wishes of his King.

But whatever that outcome, some things can be said with equal truth and equal force.

The Government denies that there has been any clash between Crown and Ministers. But how can Mr. Baldwin explain away his words?

What is the position? **THE KING WISHED TO MARRY MORGANATICALLY THE WOMAN OF HIS CHOICE.** He did not even ask—on the Government's own admission—that she should be Crowned, **HE HAS BEEN PEREMPTORILY REFUSED THE NECESSARY LEGISLATION,** although presumably the Government would be ready to introduce the much more serious and complicated legislation required for his abdication.

Abdication would be **A CRIME AGAINST ALL HIS SUBJECTS WHO LOVE HIM IN THE EMPIRE.**

On the one hand we have Mr. Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald and their troop of supporters—on the other the King.

Mr. Baldwin
leaving Downing-
street for For-
Belvedere.



The comparison is ludicrous.

WHAT HAS BALDWIN DONE FOR THE EMPIRE COMPARABLE WITH THE SERVICES OF THE YOUNG MONARCH?

His record is known:—

(1) To fling the country into the hands of MacDonald and his Labour followers;

By . . .

“HISTORICUS”

(2) To give away £20,000,000 of the taxpayers' money to stop a general strike which his act precipitated, throwing the country into turmoil and causing a perpetual loss of trade;

(3) To treacherously betray India to the clamour of a few turbulent extremists;

(4) To give away Egypt at the demand of a few rioting students;



(5) **TO DISARM BRITAIN IN THE FACE OF GRAVE DANGER AND LEAVE HER UNDEFENDED;**

(6) **TO PERMIT EDEN TO SACRIFICE THE FRIENDSHIP OF OUR OLD ALLY, ITALY, AND MAKE BRITAIN THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE WORLD;**

(7) To anger Germany and insult Italy beyond endurance.

AN EMPIRE CRISIS

But these are only a few things he has done for England. Now—pretending that a thing he calls the law of the “British Constitution”—which does not exist—he is trying to force the King either to give up the woman he loves or to abdicate.

In this crisis he has acted as if he had the right to dictate to the King, *blaming the Dominions for taking the initiative on opposing the King, which the Dominions indignantly deny.* He refused

THE KING

throughout the long negotiations between Downing Street and Fort Belvedere to tell the people the facts of the case and tried to create the suspicion that the King was wrong and Baldwin was right. But none was allowed to know **THE TRUTH**.

This is Baldwin, who is under the dominance of a notorious Bolshevik.

THE REAL LEADER

What is the record of King Edward, whom Baldwin is attempting to get rid of? A man who from boyhood has devoted himself to the well-being of his people and the Empire, a man at one with all classes of his people in their joys and sorrows, in their work and play. He is the idol of



Huge crowds gathered outside Buckingham Palace and in Whitehall during the week-end, cheering and singing the National Anthem. They carried banners demanding "No Abdication!" and "God Save the King from Mr. Baldwin."

ex-servicemen. He has been greeted in every part of a great Empire as a faithful steward of the Imperial needs.

Only when his heart dictates a marriage of true love does he find himself forced by political machinations into the false position which Baldwin has tried to make him occupy.

Throughout the false crisis—on the Government's own belated confession, drawn from them when the temper of the people was made known by public demonstration—the King has behaved with perfect propriety. The one request he has made has been refused. He has refused no request made to him. But for days Mr. Baldwin allowed it to be assumed that the position was the reverse.



"The British people will not lightly sacrifice their Monarch...."

IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THE NATION GRASPS THE FACT THAT THE JUNTA OF POLITICIANS WANTS TO BE RID OF AN ACTIVE AND ENERGETIC KING WHO HAS PROBED TOO DEEP FOR THEM INTO POLITICAL INEPTITUDES? Is it any wonder that the King's friends in all classes of society realise with wrath that not until the King went down to the distressed areas and exposed the treachery of the Ministers did those Ministers force the crisis of the past week?

FIGHT FOR RIGHT

The public instinct is right—we have seen a fight between Baldwin and the King—and the end is not yet, and England is with the King.

If by playing on the ignorance which they have themselves created and by persuading some of the people in the remote provinces and the remote Dominions that right is on their side, the Baldwin Ministers split the Empire, the retribution will be terrible.

THE BRITISH PEOPLE WILL NOT SACRIFICE THEIR MONARCH AFTER ALL HIS SERVICES NOR HOLD GUILTLESS THOSE WHO HAVE FORCED HIM INTO A TERRIBLY FALSE POSITION WHEN HIS ONLY FAULT WAS THAT HE SHOWED HIMSELF A MAN AND A GREAT AND SPLENDID LOVER.

Recruiting is a Failure

By Robert Machray

OUT of the welter, internal as well as external, in which the country was plunged last week, one thing, of whose significance there could be no question, stood out, and necessarily gave great concern to all sincerely patriotic people. This was the failure of recruiting, under our present voluntary system, for the Army; there was rather more than that, for a special scheme designed to attract to the Army men below the normal physical requirements, and for use not in the fighting line, but for the maintenance of communications and the like, began so badly as to suggest that it could not be successful.

Speaking at Leeds, Mr. Duff Cooper, the Secretary for War—he is in reality Army Minister—the Navy and Air Force having their own Ministers—warned the country that recruiting for the Army is diminishing instead of increasing, as it should, and that this is taking place despite strenuous efforts on the part of the War Office. He said that the numbers of recruits are steadily declining, and added, "Unless a great change takes place in a year or two, the voluntary system will break down; we shall no longer be able to garrison our Empire, even supposing that peace prevails." These are ominous words, but the trouble is that however ominous they are they understate the position.

For the vital truth is not that the voluntary system will break down in a year or two unless there is a great change in recruiting, but is that the system has already broken down. It cannot be so soon forgotten that the total inadequacy of this means of maintaining the Army was demonstrated by the extraordinary difficulty there was in getting together the comparatively small force for Palestine a few months ago.

What Everybody Knows

It may be perfectly true to say that nobody in these islands wants conscription, and that all would prefer to continue the voluntary system—if its continuance would produce the desired results, in the shape of an Army adequate to our needs. Everybody now knows that the system does nothing of the kind, and as that is the case, the alternative of conscription has to be faced. It is all to the good that our Navy and Air Force are on a better footing than they were, though they still are far from reaching the strength which is essential in these hazardous times. But no one will dare to say that our Army is better than it was.

To adapt a well-known saying, a country has the Army it deserves. Our present lack of recruits arises from the deplorably unpatriotic teaching of our Socialists, pacifists in general and League of Nations Union men and women in particular, and the open or tacit backing of that teaching by our wretched Government, whose leader, Mr. Baldwin, told the nation not so long ago that he would

never stand for great armaments. Like Baldwin, not a few Socialists have changed their views, at least to some extent, but the mischief has been done, the seed has been sown, and we see the terrible harvest in the failure of recruiting and the breakdown of the Army.

Yet there was never a time when we were in more dire need of a great and powerful Army. It is common knowledge that we are in the midst of an international crisis of the gravest possible kind; almost daily some development takes place which darkens the outlook still further, especially in the region of the Mediterranean, where the situation is full of danger. Yet the zealots for peace at any price are never silent; it is part of that evil sowing, over the last ten years or so, of pacifism, that men like George Lansbury, Aldous Huxley and Canon Sheppard not only speak as they do, but actually find many to listen to them. Then there are the unteachable devotees of Geneva still prating of collective security, notwithstanding its manifest ineffectiveness!

The Wrong Idea

Unfortunately in this country it has been rather customary, except when war was upon us, to regard the Army with a certain contempt. We shall not get the great Army we ought to have for defence, much less for defiance if necessary—it may come to that—unless the minds of our people as a whole undergo a change. Even if we have conscription that will be true. In countries where conscription is in force the Army up till recently was despised; it is not so now in most of them under the "dynamic of events," and the swelling urge of deeply-stirred patriotic feeling. Take Czecho-Slovakia as an illustration.

This small but important State of Central Europe is gravely menaced, as all readers of the papers can hardly help knowing. It had an Army up to two or three years ago that could not be said to have established itself in the regard or affection of the inhabitants of that country. The Army was just a conscript affair, but pressure from outside gave it an ever-increasing value. Dr. Benesh, who succeeded Masaryk as President, has worked to such good purpose this year on the minds of his people by his speeches and visits to military and other centres that he has changed their whole attitude to their Army, for it has become the "darling of their hearts."

In brief, the people of Czecho-Slovakia now are Army-minded, not because they love war, but because they love their country and are ready to fight and, if need be, die for it. Similarly Marshal Smigly-Rydz, Pilsudski's successor, holds up the Polish Army as an ideal for Poland. That is the spirit which is needed in England, and if it existed recruiting, even under the voluntary system, would then tell a different story.

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Th' Owd Poacher

By Dan Russell

HE is, I suppose, what is commonly known as a ne'er-do-well, but he is, for all his faults, one of my closest and most esteemed friends. He lives by himself in a little cottage in the dingle at the foot of the larch wood which he is supposed to look after. He always insists that he is the "kipper" but that title is more honoured in the breach than the observance. He receives no pay for looking after the wood but is allowed to catch what rabbits he can, and needless to say it is very difficult to find any trace of conies in the covert to-day. His work is not arduous in that it merely consists in warning off trespassers, which he does with great gusto, and keeping the rides trimmed. It is an occupation which suits him for it acts as a cloak to his other more nefarious activities. P.C. Grimblethorpe knows only too well that it is useless to search his cottage for any nets or wires because he will openly display them as the implements of his "kippering." Never has he been caught red-handed though he has had several narrow shaves.

A Man of Knowledge

It took me a long time to win his confidence. Many evenings did we spend in the Green Man before he began to regard me without suspicion. Then, one evening, quite without warning, he invited me to go shooting in his covert. I went, and afterwards took tea with him in his cottage. That was the beginning of our friendship. Gradually he became more expansive and I was very careful not to betray any of his confidences.

His knowledge of wild life was amazing. He knew the ways of every creature of the fields and how to catch it. He could set a wire so as to catch a doe or buck rabbit at will. He could call rabbits out of their holes by making a peculiar squeaking noise. He could lure cock pheasants close to him by imitating their call. He could even coo like a pigeon.

As I came to know him better he told me tales of the old days when he was a young man. How he used to go out long-netting at night and catch well over a hundred rabbits. How he would load his old gun with a pinch of powder and go out on a moonlight night and shoot the cock pheasants as they roosted in the leafless trees. Another of his tricks was to take a fighting cock into the coverts and tether him on a long lead. After a time the cock would crow and the pugnacious pheasants, answering the challenge would soon be killed by the sharp, steel spurs. This, he said, was a very safe way of poaching in that it was silent and did not require him to stay all the time.

He did not regard his poaching as stealing. His outlook was genuinely naive. I remember him saying to me "I mind when I were a young marn this yurr dingle were vull o' rabbuts. But now there yurr poaching chaps do get about and I can't

pick up a rabbit fer meself nohow." Again, I had arranged to get up before dawn to see if I could shoot a rabbit in his bit of woodland. He came to see me the night before. "Now," he said, "you do want ter goo along the middle ride. You might git one thur, if 'ee doant do 'ee nip auver field to Varmer Pennicutt's. They'll arl be milking then. 'Ee kin git a shot an' be back in wood afore they be about." He was really offended when I said that I was no poacher.

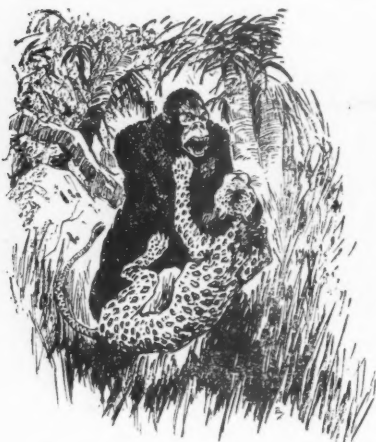
Some years ago he had a sister living in a village close by. Near her cottage were some jealously guarded preserves. Every week he took her a supply of groceries in a large carpet bag. You would see him trudging along that lonely road with his bag on his shoulder. Out of the top peeped a packet of tea, a packet of butter and some slices of bacon. Many people wondered at his solicitude in thus undertaking this long tramp. In the evening he would return and from his bag would protrude a cabbage or some leeks which he had been given. Little did they know that underneath those innocent vegetables were a couple of ferrets, some nets and perhaps a dozen plump rabbits. He carried it out for a year until Tom Grimblethorpe began to get suspicious. Then he stopped, for as he told me "Weren't no manner o' use gittin' pinched fer a vew rabbuts."

Before the Log Fire

He is an old man now and not so active as he was. Rheumatism has been troubling him sorely and his sight is failing. But he still potters about his woods in all weathers. It is in the evenings when he sits before his log fire that he really enjoys himself. For a long time he will stare into the flames then suddenly he will begin "I do mind as 'ow," and away he will go into the past, digging up yarns from his youthful days. I owe him a great debt for he has taught me much about the wild folk that is not to be read in books nor to be gleaned save by long years of careful observation.

Though he is a poacher he is essentially a humane man. I remember well one pouring wet evening in January. Hounds had run a fox to ground after a long run in the hills. It was dusk and the huntsman gathered his pack and went home. But my friend, old though he was, took off his coat and began to dig. "This yurr fax be stiff," he explained "after a's laid down a bit a won't be able ter move. Poor devil 'ull die in yurr if I don't dig 'un out an' let un goo."

He dug there in the pouring rain for three hours before he reached that fox. He reached in his arm and pulled the creature out. As he had predicted it was stiff as a crutch. He set it on its feet and watched it hobble away. As it went he raised his battered hat in salutation. He turned to me "Th' 'owd poacher," he said and his eyes were twinkling.



Gorilla v. Leopard—"Boy's Own"

THE task of choosing the right book as a Christmas gift for a child has its perplexities as well as its delights.

Delights because the writers, artists and publishers of children's books conspire to make their offerings year by year more and more attractive; perplexities owing to the vast variety of choice and the highly important factors of age and tastes to be considered.

Perhaps a brief notice of the children's books that have been sent to us to review may help the would-be presenters of Christmas gifts in their selection.

The Annuals

The "Boy's Own" and "Girl's Own" (Religious Tract Society, 10s. 6d. each) have now reached respectively their 58th and 57th numbers. That alone is proof of their continuous popularity and of the excellence of their reading matter and illustrations.

This year's numbers in each case will be found to bear comparison, in exciting contents, in attractive and effective illustration and in general production, with the very best of their predecessors, and to say that is to give very high praise.

The "School Boy's" and "School Girl's" annuals (Religious Tract Society, 3s. 6d. each) with their four coloured plates as well as numerous



Taming a Tuareg—"Tuck's Annual"

Christmas Books For

black and white illustrations, should also appeal to the classes of readers for which they are intended, their many stories and informative articles being admirably written.

The Religious Tract Society's "Little Dots" (2s. 6d.) is now fifty years old but is as bright and merry as ever it was.

"Chums," of the Amalgamated Press, is a well-established favourite with the older boys and one might also add with their sisters, its foundation by Sir Max Pemberton dating back to the nineties.

The new number is an exceptionally good one, a result on which the editor and his large contingent of writers and artists are to be warmly congratulated. The chief innovations this year are a considerable increase in the number of short complete stories and the addition of some three dozen interesting pictorial articles.

Girls up to fifteen and possibly over will find much to thrill them in the seventeen very varied and effectively illustrated stories of the latest issue of the "Golden Annual" (Amalgamated Press, 3s. 6d.).

The "Bedtime Annual" (Amalgamated Press, 3s. 6d.) is meant, as its name suggests, for younger children whose craving for a story as they go to bed is well catered for by a separate tale for each night of the year—a boon to the parent as well as to the child.

Small boys and girls will chortle with joy over the pictures and never-ceasing pranks of the Bruin boys in the new "Tiger Tim's Annual" (Amalgamated Press, 6s.), which contains besides many other stories and illustrations to please them.

For the young musician the delightfully illustrated "Musical Box Annual" (Amalgamated Press, 5s.), with its simple music scores and stories of famous musicians and songs, should make a much-appreciated gift.

"Tuck's Annual" (for boys and girls up to 14) and "Father Tuck's Annual For Little Children" (Raphael Tuck & Sons, 3s. 6d. each), are now, respectively, in their 39th and 17th year of publication.

The new volumes, with their judicious mixture of stories, articles, puzzles and jokes, fine coloured plates and a wealth of other illustration are sure of an enthusiastic welcome from their recipients.

(The firm of Raphael Tuck is celebrating its 70th birthday this year. It is, of course, famous for its Christmas cards and calendars, and, to judge by the specimens of these sent to us, is more than maintaining its own very high standard of artistic production.)

Messrs. Blackie & Son have won for themselves and their annuals a very special reputation.

Their printing and illustration, whether coloured or black and white, are distinguished for quality, while the contents of each annual are nicely adjusted to the requirements of the particular ages for which it is designed.

The latest Blackie's "Boys' Annual" and "Girls' Annual" (5s. each) provide in their many adventure and school stories a nice balance between thrill and amusing entertainment, with verse and informative articles to add further variety to the reading.

As for Blackie's "Children's Annual" (3s. 6d.) and the "Little Ones' Annual" (2s. 6d.) they are veritable marvels for their moderate price.

Adventure, Animal and Other Tales

"SAMPSON'S CIRCUS," by Howard Spring (Faber and Faber, with illustrations by Steven Spurrier, 5s.) is the sort of Christmas gift book that seems fated to be seized by every member of the family in turn or to be read aloud to the family gathered round the fireside.

It abounds in cleverly drawn characters, human and animal, there



"The Story of Buckie's Bears" (Harrap)

is plenty of fun and an arch villain who is constantly intervening and having his machinations thwarted. The illustrations add to the piquancy of the narrative.

Boys and girls and their elders who are fond of sailing will thoroughly enjoy Mr. Conor O'Brien's spirited tale of sailing adventure in which two public schoolboys on holiday in the South of Ireland are the heroes. ("Two Boys Go Sailing," illustrated by B. Ganly, Dent, 6s.).

s For Children

Youthful ambition has often yearned for a career of brilliantly successful crime detection. In the Norwegian story "Henry Against the Gang" (by T. H. Johansen, illustrated by Steven Spurrier, Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), we have a youthful amateur detective who manages to solve a mystery that has puzzled the police force of his country for twenty years.

Two first-rate flying thrillers are "Wings Over the Atlantic," by A. D. Divine (Lane, 8s. 6d.), and "The Secret Aeroplane," by D. E. Marsh (Harrap, 3s. 6d.).

Flying, too, plays its part in Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton's exciting mystery tale "The Secret of Lake Tana" (Oxford University Press, 5s.).

Secret Service work on behalf of the Japanese in China involves the



From "A House for a Mouse" (Murray)

two young heroes of "The Sanctuary of the Maidar" (by Lt.-Col. A. Lloyd Owen, Harrap, 3s. 6d.) in strange and perilous experiences. Quite a good yarn.

"Trooper Useless" by L. Patrick Greene (Harrap, illustrated by C. B. Brock, 5s.), is an entertaining story of a young recruit's training after enlisting in the Rhodesian Police.

"The Modern Boy's Adventure Stories," published by the Amalgamated Press (5s., illustrated) contains some thirty stories dealing with sky raiders, speed-boat bandits, secret service missions, motor racing records and other stirring affairs.

Another excellent and wonderfully cheap collection, for slightly younger readers, is "The Passing of The Black Hawk" (Raphael Tuck and Sons, by E. le Breton Martin and others, illustrated, one shilling).

"Boda The Buffalo and Other Tales," by Lient.-Col. Cecil Lang (Herbert Jenkins, illustrated, 6s.) and "Chiseltooth The Beaver," by J. W. Lippincott (Harrap, illustrated, 5s.), are books that all interested in wild animals will love.

And there is delightful as well as instructive reading for older children in Mr. Julian Huxley's "At the Zoo" (Allen and Unwin, 15 plates, 3s.).

For Girls Eleven and Over

TWO books that are attractively illustrated and as attractively written are:—

"A Pony for Jean" by Joanna Cannan (illustrated by Anne Bullen, Lane, 8s. 6d.)—the tale of a little girl who learnt to ride and make a success of a neglected pony.

"Ballet Shoes," by Noel Streatfeild (illustrated by Ruth Gervis, Dent, 6s.)—a children's novel of the theatre by an author who obviously knows all about stage training of the young.

"Kelpie, the Gipsies' Pony," has been the source of joy to many young hearts and so, too, one may be sure will be his successor, "Sandy-on-the-Shore" (by Ursula Moray Williams, illustrated, Harrap, 3s. 6d.).

Giants, Magic and Fairies

THE "Tim Pippin" stories were the classic fairy tales of the seventies and eighties. They were written by Roland Quiz (Richard Quittenton) and illustrated by "Puck" (John Proctor).

They have long been out of print and it was a happy thought of Messrs. Joiner and Steele to start reproducing them. The first to appear is "Giant-Land" (7s. 6d.).

"The Story of Buckie's Bears" (by Erica Fay and Harry Buffkins, Harrap, illustrated, 3s. 6d.) reproduces in book form the well-known children's play.

"The Real Sky-Blue" by Bela Balazs (illustrated by Mary Shillabeer, Lane, 5s.), is a German fairy story about the son of a poor washerwoman who finds a magic juice that can be extracted out of certain blue flowers "exactly one minute at midday."

Lady Margaret Sackville has written a delicious little nonsense tale (gaily and appropriately illustrated in colour and black and white by M. R. Caird). This is entitled "Mr. Horse's New Shoes" (Country Life, 7s. 6d.).

Dick Whittington's famous cat was clever, but he could not claim to have had such varied and amazing experiences as Straw who took life so philosophically ("The Yellow Cat" by Mary Grigs, illustrated in colour and black and white by Isabel



The Pirate Hunter—"Chums"

and John Morton Sale, Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d.).

"Claudius The Bee," by John Leeming (Harrap, 5s.), tells with sly humour the strange adventures consequent on an act of kindness to a bumble bee.

For the very young, Messrs. John Murray have a pleasing sequel to last Christmas' story of the little elephant in red boots. "Here Comes Mumfie" it is called; its author-illustrator is Katharine Tozer; its price 5s.

Then there is from the same publishers "A House For A Mouse," told and illustrated by Cicely Englefield (2s.).

Messrs. Dent have a wonderfully fascinating book in "The Little Boy and His House," written and illustrated by Stephen Bone and Mary Adshead.

Other books one can strongly recommend are: "Sleepy Tails," written and illustrated by Elizabeth Fairholme (Lane, 2s. 6d.); "In Teddy Bear's House," by Mrs. H. C. Cradock (illustrated by Joyce L. Brisley, Harrap, 2s. 6d.); and the four charming "Biffin Books"—"Mr. Biffin and Fluff Rabbit," "Shut-eye and the Weather Cock," etc.—published by Messrs. Barker (2s. each) and written and illustrated by Robert Hartman.

Finally, for the youngest of all what could there be better than some of Dean's famous Rag-books?



**We invite our readers
to write to us expressing
their views on
matters of current
:: :: interest :: ::**

WHAT OUR R

Correspondents who wish their letters published in the following issue are requested to arrange for them to reach us as early as possible.

The Best Paper in England

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Through the kindness of our friend, Princess Mary Karadja, of Locarno, Switzerland, we recently received a copy of your excellent *Review*, on which the Princess had written "The best journal in England."

Having read the copy, we can readily agree with her. This is the time when such publications deserve the greatest support and recognition. We have several very excellent papers along similar lines in this country; but it seems the people awaken to the truth very slowly, judging by the results of the recent elections here.

We wish to extend our congratulations on your most important and fine work, and to wish you all success.

HERMANN HILL.

1791, Howard Street, Chicago.

A Tribute from Age

YOUR LADYSHIP,—

May I send you these few lines to thank you for the splendid way you are showing the British Empire what utter failures Baldwin and Eden are.

I feel sure people are at last waking up to the fact that we want a "Leader," thanks to the *Saturday Review*, which is opening the eyes of the British public as to the state of affairs.

I am nearly blind and very seriously ill with heart trouble, which soon must prove fatal; but I feel, before my life ends here below, I want to thank you for what you have done and still are doing for England.

God bless you!

E.E.

A Warning to Parents

MADAM,—

I should like the following incident to become known to parents, and the *Saturday Review* seems to be one of the few papers possessing the courage or inclination to publish it.

My daughter, aged 15, was travelling by train with school friends, but unaccompanied by grown-up people. A man entered the carriage and got into conversation with the girls. He was polite and courteous, and there was absolutely no complaint as to his manners. Having got the confidence of the girls, he then proceeded to teach them Communism.

I think that people should know that the Communists have their agents out working to get hold of the young. Added to this, school influences are not above suspicion. Why should people, openly disloyal to King and Empire, be permitted to indulge in unhindered propaganda?

PATRIOT.

Rickmansworth.

"Public Order" Bill

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Can anyone, outside Bedlam, explain just in what way the banning of so-called "Political Uniforms" can assist in the preservation of "Public Order"?

In my opinion, anyone liable to foam at the mouth at sight of a political uniform should at once present himself at the nearest lunatic asylum to be "certified"! It is he, and not the wearer of the uniform, who is a menace to "public order."

Another thought!—Is it, perhaps, the Home Secretary who should be certified? No prize offered for the answer!

"SANE."

Banning the Patriot

DEAR MADAM,—

A further example of the weakness of our Government is before us in the proposed legislation to curb and restrict the expressions and actions of loyal Englishmen.

By the banning of the Fascist uniform, the Communist is being pampered. It hardly seems possible that sane Englishmen pay any attention to the whines of the Red and Pink Press.

Why should loyal Englishmen who carry the Union Jack be prevented from working for God, King and Country, while the godless sedition mongers and war makers sing the Internationale and carry the Red Flag and insult loyal institutions with their clenched fists?

Soon the words "For God, King and Country" will be banned and with them the symbol of the Union Jack. Are we going to sit down so meekly and say nothing?

ELISABETH GILCHRIST.

21, Strathaven Road,
Horn Park, Lee, S.E.12.

Air Raid Precautions

SIR,—Air Raid precautions are receiving much attention from Towns and Counties in the danger zones, and organisers are being appointed. In many cases these people have no technical knowledge.

One of the main tasks will be the de-contamination of Gas-affected areas, and commonsense indicates that Chemists—who are collectively responsible for gas manufacture—should be employed to combat its effects.

The situation calls for the formation of a civil or military arm of "Chemist-Officers" who, by virtue of training and experience, are best equipped to carry out de-contamination duties in a scientific manner.

Such a body should be under civil control, and could easily be formed. The leading chemists' societies, such as the British Association of Chemists, would certainly assist the authorities in this respect.

J. P. LAWRIE.

66, Boundary Road,
St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

Clean up the Cabinet

MADAM,—

The National Government has made such a disastrous muddle of everything with which it has been associated, that it is necessary immediately to have a thorough "spring-cleaning."

As every good housewife knows, it is useless doing this by simply shifting the furniture around, replacing one "Old Crock" with another "Old Crock," but every article of furniture must be taken out.

Baldwin, MacDonald, Eden, Simon—all must go, and the sooner the better. The British nation cannot stand still while old men make up their minds about retiring. The time-lag is too long and too dangerous. H.M. the King has the Constitutional Power to dismiss his "so-called" advisers, and to govern without a Parliament for three years. Every loyal British man and woman, particularly those who served him and his father, in action, during the Great War, would welcome a wholesale clearance of the "National" (sic) Government. Let us have men and women of action, not "old school tie" sycophants.

S. BRUCE SMITH,

Lieut., Royal Field Artillery, S.R., Ret.

34, George Street,
Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

READERS THINK

England Wants Her King

SIR,—One good thing has come out of the trouble worked up by Mr. Baldwin over the King's marriage. The King has actually threatened to resign, or is it abdicate? I am informed, however, that the market rate to cover the risk of his not resigning is about 99 per cent.

The truth is the whole crisis is a dirty political game in which the Government hopes to cover up its utter incompetence, and worse than incompetence, and gain a political advantage at the expense of the King. I hope the King will call their bluff and get rid of the whole gang. They are all pre-war minded, and they are unsuited to be advisers to a young and modern King.

There need be no difficulty in finding better men to replace them. Certainly it would be impossible to find worse. All parties bear equally the blame for frittering away the advantages of the great victory won by the practical Englishmen, and lost by the politicians and political professors. Instead of 20 years of a great advance, we have given away all our advantages, cringed to every threat, and lowered the prestige of the Empire throughout the world.

N. MCPHAIL.

16, Farquhar Road, S.E.19.

Let the Country Speak

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Reading your excellent paper during the last year, I gather your opinion of the King and of most of the chief members of the Cabinet coincides with that of all decent people in this country.

I am afraid that unless someone acts quickly and effectively, irreparable disaster will occur in the very near future.

There can be no question that all loyal subjects of the King must support him against Baldwin.

It is our duty to demand "Hands off the King" or at least that the country should be consulted in a General Election before the King's hand should be forced.

The people must be allowed a chance to express their opinion and if they are given the chance I have no fear of the result.

W. TAYLOR.

21, Alexandra Road,
Kingston Hill, Surrey.

Baldwin's Opportunism

MADAM,—

I am sure you will lead the women of England now towards the King, as you lead the nation in Politics.

Every woman will support you.

It is the King's will to lead against the Baldwinite's negligence and hypocrisy. Distressed areas started the fight—his private affair was brought forward to cover the Cabinet's anger that he should have gone to see for himself.

ROYALIST.

Shepherd Street, W.1.

We Won't Lose Our King

MADAM,—

I feel sure that you will use all the resources at your loyal and capable command to frustrate the move by the King's Ministers and those who serve them to drive the King from the throne.

If he will stand firm in the fight to retain his Throne and happiness the people of England will be with him and will never see him removed.

The King has inconvenient clarity of vision, hence the desire to drive him out. No one who thinks can miss the significance of the marriage to this maligned and injured lady if it succeeds.

It means the British Empire and America knit together. The Americans speak of "the King."

Yesterday an ex-policeman and ex-service man said: "The temper of the people is rising, we have borne oppression ourselves, but our King is another matter.

We can drag the Government down if they force him to abdicate. We can still fight and fight we will."

With deep admiration for your splendid loyalty and strenuous fight.

ADMIRER.

Glastonbury.

Our Parsons' Duplicity

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

More power to your excellent paper and the exposure of the "Red Clergy." These apothecaries of religion have added another ingredient to their already much confused formula for the "curing of souls."

Having failed to diagnose the complaint they now propose to murder by "poison" their long suffering patient and hand his "soulless" body over to the Communist "vivisectionist," who will, no doubt, search diligently beneath the powerful Arc(os) lamps of some approved "Moscow mortuary" to see if any traces of Christianity can be found in the "lifeless" member.

Should the patient "fortunately" not recover from the ordeal, he will be interred—labelled—to be dug up at some subsequent revolutionary "Red" date, and his coffined body exposed on the steps of St. Paul's. So ends the first chapter according to "Marx."

E. BURKE.

84, Burnside Road,
Chadwell Heath, Essex.

Our Red Church

SIR,—I was much interested by your article in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review* about the Bolshevik attitude of a number of our Anglican clergy. It is most regrettable, and one feels that such behaviour, especially that of the parson who sponsored the singing of the "Internationale" in the church for which he was responsible, runs unpleasantly near to being treachery to Christ.

So many of our Left-Wing protagonists seem to have forgotten the anti-Christian propaganda and cruelty of the Red régime in Russia.

It is a sad fact, but nobody can deny that, owing to this half-hearted playing-to-the-gallery attitude, our national church has been losing ground steadily for the last thirty years. Meanwhile, Rome, with her unflinching championship of Christian principles, has been gaining, and from what I hear gaining steadily.

The *Church Times* which, when I was a young man, was a steady and thoughtful paper, seems to have succumbed to the prevailing Bolshevik fashion, but I was glad to hear that a number of prominent members of the Church of England publicly dissociated themselves from this disastrous policy recently.

Let the leaders of the Church of England abandon their undignified and timorous attitude, and they will find large numbers of Christians ready to follow them. Till then they will continue to cut as little ice as they are doing at present.

May I congratulate you on your firm stand.

GEORGE W. MITFORD.

28, Lowndes Street, London, S.W.1.

Sir Hubert Gough

DEAR MADAM,—

While admitting that General Sir Hubert Gough had been very unjustly treated, Mr. Baldwin stated that nothing could now be done to redress the wrong done, as it happened so long ago.

If a murderer succeeded in evading justice for many years, but was eventually apprehended, and there was ample evidence to convict him, would Mr. Baldwin consider that he should not be tried, as it was such a long time since he committed the murder?

I wonder if Mr. Baldwin's lips are sufficiently unsealed now to answer this question?

J. F. ALLEN, Lieut.-Colonel.

Aghamarta, Hove Park Road,
Hove 4, Sussex.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

Army Uniform

SIR,—Your paragraph in a recent week's *Saturday Review* on the need for a scarlet tunic for the British Infantrymen—that age-old colour of the "Backbone of the Army"—is much to the point.

The Minister for War states that the Englishman hates to be conspicuous. Surely, however, the British soldier is proud of his historic red coat with its regimental facings!

The Blue Patrol is an *undress* uniform and has no facings. It is hard to distinguish it from a chasseur's livery and it will not attract recruits, nor will it engender that feeling of *esprit de corps* so necessary in a voluntary army such as ours.

RUSSELL STEELE,
Capt.

Penrhyn Lodge,
Gloucester Gate, N.W.1.

Communist Propaganda

SIR,—An unceasing stream of propaganda, most of it fiendishly clever, is being disseminated to the detriment of the Spanish patriots, and is having its effect on our gullible and easy going fellow countrymen.

Exactly the same twisted methods are being employed as during the Abyssinian crisis, when Italy was the victim.

Take, for instance, the cartoons which appear in a widely read evening paper. These must be a constant source of delight to our Pinks and Reds, because Hitler, Mussolini and Franco always appear as villains. They are rank and unabashed Communist propaganda. Yet the Editorial policy of the journal in question is Imperial!

The sweet tongued orations of Broadcasting Ho. se, with their underlying bias against the Spanish patriots, would deceive even the elect.

The Catholic press, the *Saturday Review* and the *Daily Mail*, with its associated papers, are to be congratulated in proclaiming the truth.

A.C.P.

London, W.1.

Some Questions for the Government

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I have for a considerable time been a regular reader of the *Saturday Review* and, after a careful study of the objects of your paper and the methods you adopt in bringing such vital subjects of national interest directly to the notice of your readers, consider that every self-respecting Briton owes you a deep debt of gratitude.

There must be thousands of our countrymen who view with dismay the apathy displayed by responsible Ministers of the Government and the rank and file of the Conservative Party towards the DANGEROUS MENACE OF BOLSHEVIST PROPAGANDA which is being pursued in various forms in this country.

It would relieve the minds of the majority of our people if we could get a satisfactory reply to the following questions:—

- (1) When is the Government going to stop prominent ministers of the Church from interfering with recruiting?
- (2) Why the head of the local authority of one of our principal seaports is allowed to insult the officers and men of one of His Majesty's warships when visiting the port, and why it was permissible for this Town Hall to be stripped of the Union Jack on that occasion?
- (3) Who was responsible when an East London Borough stopped the extra leave of its employes which had been granted for annual training in the Territorials, etc., and why the same Borough Council is allowed to stop Recruiting Posters being displayed on the Town Hall?
- (4) Why a responsible member of the Opposition, who said "The Government must act and act immediately," is allowed to claim "Head I win—Tails you lose" with respect to the Public Order Bill?
- (5) Whether the Government intend to stop the Communist Processions with their Hammer and Sickle

Emblems and the seditious speeches delivered at their public meetings, particularly when made at the base of the monument to the great man who helped so much in building our splendid Empire?

(6) Why it is permissible for a mob of about 600 very foreign-looking Reds when slouching past H.M.S. President, and waving the Red Flag and the Hammer and Sickle, to shake their fists and howl "sink that ship" and many unprintable epithets at the splendid body of young fellows who happened to be on board at the time?

"INVICTA."

Orpington, Kent.

Clothing for Spanish Patriots

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I am starting a fund to provide warm winter clothing for the Spanish anti-Reds who are so bravely fighting for God and their country, and I shall be most grateful if you will be so kind as to allow me to make this Appeal through your paper, which has done and is doing, such wonderful work by spreading far and wide the truth.

As you know, in some parts of Spain, especially in the region of Madrid, the winters are very severe, much snow on the surrounding hills and icy winds. Already exposure to the cold is causing great suffering as well as much sickness.

The anti-Reds are, unfortunately, in dire need of warm winter clothing of all sorts, as all the woollen mills are behind the Red lines. Blankets too are urgently needed, and as the winter advances this need will become far greater.

May I then appeal to the generosity of all who sympathise with suffering and love to do what they can to relieve it when, as in this case, it is so real and intense?

All subscriptions sent to me I will most gratefully acknowledge. Cheques, money orders or postal orders should be made payable to:—

"The Spanish Anti-Red Winter Clothing Fund," and crossed "Westminster Bank, Ltd.," and posted to—

The Hon. Mrs. Erskine of Mar,
c/o Westminster Bank, Ltd.,
Carlos Place, Mayfair,
London, W.1.

M. DE G. ERSKINE OF MAR.

POINTS FROM LETTERS

The Government is mad to keep on harping on the League of Nations and Collective Security. In any case the latter could not come about until Great Britain is strong enough not only to talk but to act.

Savoy House, W.C.2.

H. J. PROCTOR.

**

The methods of our ancestors, who did what they thought was right, will not be improved upon by "basking in the arms of our enemies" for protection, which seems to be the practice in favour now.

Norton, Glos.

W. P. JEFFCOCK, Capt.

**

The Bishop of Winchester's criticism of the Pope for his Christian attitude towards the Spanish Patriots is a gross piece of impertinence.

Southampton.

ANTI-RED.

**

The sooner we get a Government which does not become contaminated by Red intrigues the sooner we shall get a Nation whose policy is Peace and whose pillar is Prosperity.

Leicester.

F. C. O'BRIEN.

**

Our worn-out horses suffer untold misery when exported across the Channel and meet a horrible death when they arrive. It is a disgrace to this country that this abuse has not been done away with long ago.

Frithsden, Herts.

IDA SHORTLAND.

RACING

Are Entrance Fees Too High?

By David Learmonth

I WAS recently sent the programme of an important meeting in South Africa, and was greatly struck by the low entrance fees in proportion to the prize money.

In the principal race, a plate of four thousand pounds, starters paid forty pounds, or just one per cent. of the prize money. In smaller events the entrance fees were lower in proportion, being only one half of one per cent. Thus, it cost only twenty-six shillings to run a horse in a plate of £260 and thirty-six shillings to run one in a plate of £360.

Some years ago the Jockey Club made a determined effort to reduce entrance fees, which, in some cases, came to more than the value of the race, and since then they have made rules from time to time to this end. But speaking generally, we have not yet got down to one per cent., and we have got nowhere near the low figure reached in South Africa, where bookmakers as well as the totalisator help to swell the race fund by deducting five per cent. from clients' winnings and handing this over.

Under National Hunt Rules the situation is far worse. Two per cent. is the general rule and sometimes this is higher.

Small Prizes—Heavy Expenses

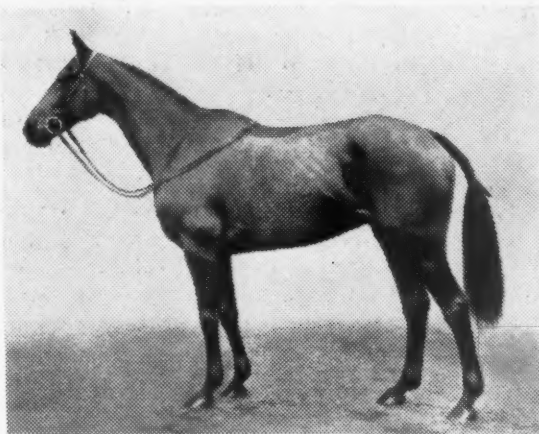
It is strange but true that, in this connection, the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham is one of the worst offenders. There are races there which are plates of not more than two hundred pounds in which it costs six pounds to run a horse, three pounds to enter and three pounds more to start.

This must discourage owners from running their horses under National Hunt Rules almost as much as the smallness of the prizes as compared with those under the Rules of Racing. It is a great pity that it should be so, and high time that something was done about it.

In spite of all this, however, the jumping season has started off with a swing. Fields have been large, there have been quite a number of triers, and we have seen some good horses out early in the season, which is as it should be.

The Open Steeplechase at Newbury was most interesting, if only because it convinced us once and for all that Sir Francis Towle's brilliant Airgead Sios is not a stayer, and will never make a Grand National horse. Over two miles he is another Holdcroft, but I doubt if he will ever encompass much further than this in first class company.

It is good to see Mr. James Rank winning races at the winter game after a lean season on the flat. His 'chaser Southern Hero is a real good one over Park Courses, not another Golden Miller nor even a Thomond II, but one, nevertheless, which I would very much like to own myself.



Mr. J. V. Rank's Southern Hero who has proved himself this season to be one of the best "Park" steeplechasers in training. Mr. Rank, who has spent a very large sum in collecting a stable of horses, is now beginning to reap the fruits of his outlay.

It is difficult to know what to say about Golden Miller, except that, in spite of the fact that he has won a Grand National, he is not a real Aintree horse. At the November meeting at Liverpool he got round the course and was then beaten on the flat. After that a lot of people wondered whether he was as good as he used to be.

It may be that the "Miller" is not; but I prefer to think that he took so much out of himself jumping the country that he had no reserve left when it came to the run in. The gelding jumped each fence very carefully and I feel pretty sure that over a Park course he would have beaten the winner at the weights.

We saw at Newbury a very nice young steeplechaser in Loyal Prince, belonging to Mr. Smith Bingham, who cantered away with the Kingsclere Steeplechase, the most valuable race of the day, winning easily by six lengths.

Loyal Prince's sire, My Prince, has made a great name for himself as a getter of jumpers, having sired Gregalach and Reynoldstown, both Grand National winners, Easter Hero, Royal Mail, a very good horse indeed this year, and many other good ones. He has, in fact, a reputation comparable to that of Zria, and it is impossible to buy any likely stock of his in Ireland except at a very long price.

Another of his son's Royal Ransome started favourite for the Berks Handicap Hurdle race, but finished unplaced. This horse of Mr. Whitney's has always been regarded as disappointing. The truth is that he was undoubtedly a very good horse indeed when he bought him but met with an accident soon afterwards. He never seems to have recovered, in spite of great efforts on the part of his very able trainer Jack Anthony.

CINEMA**Sabotage**

BY MARK FORREST

IT is generally a pleasure to see a new picture directed by Mr. Hitchcock, and *Sabotage*, at the Tivoli, is no exception. Nevertheless, there is a danger that Mr. Hitchcock is getting too clever. There are many astute touches in his latest film, but there are times when he seems to forget that the primary function of the cinema is to entertain.

The chief reasons for the dull patches are the absence of humour and the constant harping upon one note, that of suspense. Mr. Hitchcock has always been fond of building up macabre situations by ingenious pyramiding of one significant detail on the top of another, but in *Sabotage* he does the trick so many times that it loses its forcefulness.

London Laughs

The picture is founded on the late Mr. Conrad's *Secret Agent*. The action is laid in London, where one Verloc, paid by an unnamed power, resorts to sabotage in order to undermine public confidence. His first attempt consists of putting sand into the generators at Lot's-road Power Station; unfortunately, London being plunged into darkness strikes the Londoner as amusing rather than terrifying, and Verloc has to take more serious risks.

He plans to blow up Piccadilly Circus by placing a bomb in the cloakroom, but Scotland Yard is already concerned about his activities and he is prevented from seeing to the matter personally. Entrusting the parcel to his wife's small brother, he waits for news of the expected sabotage in vain, though the bomb does go off with most unfortunate results for most of the characters concerned in this spy and counter-spy plot.

Suspense

Verloc is played by Oscar Homolka, who gave a very fine performance as Kruger in *Rhodes of Africa*. Here his slow and measured speech is not quite so effective and his acting at times a little lifeless, but his immobility every now and then induces precisely that brand of suspense at which the director is aiming. His wife is played by Sylvia Sidney, whose part badly needs some comedy touches, to the absence of which I have already referred.

She acts well, however, within the narrow limits allotted to her. The young detective is in the hands of John Loder, whose methods and presence appear to me to lack sufficient depth. Desmond Tester once more makes a sympathetic young boy.

**Unknown to You?**

In the world beyond your own doors, thousands of little ones are suffering wanton cruelty and

ignorant neglect at the hands of parents and guardians. Won't you let the N.S.P.C.C. have your help to save them? Last year, this National Society gave life freed from fear to 113,034 children.



Please send a Christmas gift to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

Epics of the Prairies

are to be found in the lives of the clergy in Western Canada.

With meagre reduced salaries, amidst daily anxieties, these men face sacrifice and suffering unflinchingly, for the sake of the extension of the Kingdom of God. Some parishes cover an area of over one thousand square miles.

Such heroes are worthy of all possible assistance from church people in the homeland.

Will you strengthen their hands by enabling us to send out greatly increased grants-in-aid?

Contributions should be addressed to the Secretary.

THE COLONIAL AND CONTINENTAL CHURCH SOCIETY
9, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

EMPIRE NEWS

Empire Resentment Against Mr. Baldwin

From a Special Correspondent.

DURING the past few days I have had occasion to discuss the constitutional crisis with numerous visitors to London from the Dominions, India and the Colonies.

In practically every case there has been the same standpoint; sympathy with the King, for whom all parts of the Empire have the greatest affection and admiration; and resentment against Mr. Baldwin for having, as they contend, in the first place needlessly aggravated what should never have been regarded as a constitutional crisis at all and, secondly, dragged the Dominions into the arena in what might well have seemed a solid array of hostility to the King.

Had Mr. Baldwin not allowed himself to get into a frenzy of "nerves" over a very unfortunate speech by a tactless Bishop, the public in this country and the Empire could easily have been told what Mr. Baldwin actually told them in his last statement in the Commons: that the King had himself raised the question of a morganatic marriage and that Mr. Baldwin had advised him that he and his colleagues were opposed to the necessary legislation.

Instead, Mr. Baldwin at once took up the position of a shocked and distraught Minister who found it impossible to let the public into a fearful, very grave secret.

The public were treated to a succession of prolonged Cabinet meetings and Old "Sealed Lips" continued to wear an extremely worried look.

Then came his first "important" pronouncement which contained the news that the Dominion Governments as well as the Home Government were opposed to the required legislation.

"I am satisfied," said Mr. Baldwin, "from inquiries I have made that this (the Dominions' Governments') assent would not be forthcoming."

Having stirred up the whole trouble Mr. Baldwin finally comes back to sanity and assures the world that there is really no crisis at all.

"As soon as His Majesty has arrived at a conclusion as to the course he desires to take he will no doubt communicate it to his Governments in this country and the Dominions."

"It will then be for those Governments to decide what advice, if any, they would feel it their duty to tender to him in the light of his conclusion."

As a distinguished lawyer from one of the Dominions remarked to

me, in this last statement Mr. Baldwin has suddenly reverted to the proper constitutional position.

On a matter affecting the Crown in such an intimate manner no British Minister had the right to speak of Dominion opinion in the way Mr. Baldwin did in his statement on December 4.

Still less had the Prime Minister of England the right to institute "enquiries" and publish the result of them when, under the Statute of Westminster, each Dominion Government had the right and duty to approach the King direct and offer their advice.

In acting as an Empire intermediary in the way he did Mr. Baldwin was himself guilty of a very grave unconstitutional act and it is to be hoped that this aspect of the matter will be duly brought home to him.

Problem of Cheapened Air Mail Rates

By an Australian Correspondent

IT would seem high time that the Commonwealth Government ceased wrangling about the England-Australia air mail service.

The subject has produced another division in the Cabinet, and, at the time of writing, no finality has been reached concerning the point at issue.

Some time ago, it will be recalled, Britain accepted, however reluctantly, the Australian proposal that the letter rate when the Empire scheme is inaugurated next year shall be sixpence a half-ounce.

That was a concession on Britain's part. It had been hoped that the Empire legislatures would unanimously agree that all first-class mail should be carried by air at a fee of 1½d.

Some of Australia's political thinkers must have been impressed with the soundness of this hope, and they have begun an agitation for the reduction of the proposed fee to twopence.

On the face of it, the consequences of the decision are highly important to the Commonwealth Treasurer. But the issue is not quite so clean-cut.

At present, the 15 tons of air mail carried annually between England and Australia—at 1½d a half-ounce from Australia and 1/3 a half-ounce to Australia—yields a revenue of £80,000.

Expert computers of the Commonwealth P.M.G.'s Department have calculated that, at the sixpenny rate,

the annual weight of mail would be from 30 to 40 tons, with a revenue between £53,000 and £71,600.

Their calculations do not end with this, however. They estimate that, if the rate were twopence, the advantage of saving more than a fortnight in the transit of letters between England and Australia, combined with moderate cost, would increase the annual weight of air mail to 170 tons, producing a revenue of £95,500.

Practical experience is, of course, liable to reveal flaws in mathematical calculations which seem completely watertight. And evidently some of the honourable gentlemen at Canberra fear that the P.M.G.'s experts have erred.

At this distance, it is not easy to gauge the worth of the arguments against the twopenny rate, but experience of the average political mind as opposed to the trained departmental mind suggests that the P.M.G.'s experts are more likely to be correct than the doubters.

Other Dominion and Colonial legislatures have shown a much more helpful spirit than has Australia in this matter. They have genuinely co-operated with Great Britain in cheapening the cost of air mail transport.

For instance, the present rate to Singapore is sixpence a half-ounce. The remaining leg of the journey—controlled by the Commonwealth—from Singapore to Brisbane, engulfs an additional ninepence on letters posted in England or a shilling on letters posted in Australia.

This means that the cost of sending a letter by air over the 8,393 miles separating London from Singapore is actually threepence to sixpence less—according to where the letter is posted—than that of sending it over the 4,361 miles between Singapore and Brisbane.

Although Britain has accepted the Commonwealth proposal for a sixpenny mail rate, it is recognised here that excessive charges on the Singapore-Australia leg of the route are liable to imperil the smooth running of the service.

For example, it may be economic for one of the big Empire flying-boats to travel to and from Singapore fully laden with mail carried at a cheap rate.

But it is open to question if it would be economic for the same flying-boat, burning as much fuel, suffering as much wear and tear, to make the Singapore-Australia hop carrying the comparatively meagre mail which would be available if Australia were to insist on imposing a disproportionately high rate.

One hopes that the twopenny faction in the Commonwealth Parliament will compel the sixpenny advocates to see reason. It would be a pity if such reason were withheld until the development of the Empire scheme were seriously jeopardised.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Lost Province of Senegambia, II

By Professor A. P. Newton

DURING the first half of the eighteenth century the very valuable gum trade of West Africa, which centred in the River Senegal was almost entirely a French monopoly, and English writers on commerce maintained that France owed the success of her silk manufactures, and especially of her printed silks, very largely to the fact that she had the essential gum almost wholly in her hands.

It was this that led the elder Pitt to despatch the expedition for the capture of Fort St. Louis and Goree in 1758, and its success was welcomed in England as a real triumph.

The newspapers proclaimed that we had taken from the enemy one of the most valuable branches of their commerce and it was determined that we must hold our conquests on the Senegal when the time came to negotiate peace.

The African trade was then esteemed as particularly valuable, because it was one that arose almost entirely of ourselves, our exports being chiefly of our own manufactures and the returns of gold, gum, ivory, wax and dyeing and tanning woods such as afforded great employment to our people both by sea and by land.

Slaves, too, were of great importance, for without them it was then supposed that it would be impossible to carry on the profitable sugar culture on which our West Indian Colonies depended.

The best negroes were bought in the regions lying between the Gambia and Cape Palmas, and so when the new acquisitions were recognised as English by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, the Government devoted much attention to the organisation of the new Province of Senegambia.

But from the beginning the project met with very great difficulties.

In the first place British merchants, who had been accustomed to trade wherever they would along the West African coast without Governmental interference, persistently refused to acknowledge the trading monopoly which the Board of Trade and the Cabinet planned to place in the hands of a single organised company.

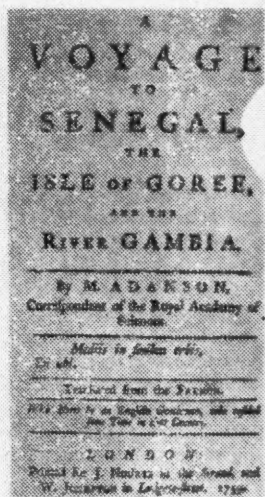
West Africa had been a no-man's land where anyone might trade as he would, and there were no European territorial possessions or government beyond the walls of the few forts that had been established here and there.

Again the French merchants would not acquiesce in their exclusion from the region.

Fort St. Louis had passed into English hands, but Goree still remained French and the merchants with the tacit connivance of their Government did all they could to persuade their old customers to bring their gum to Goree instead of taking it to the new English mart at St. Louis.

The island was strongly fortified and provided with a well-found garrison, while French competition was actively carried to the banks of the River Gambia, which had been almost a British preserve.

When it came to providing garrisons and the salaries of governmental employees at the expense of the British taxpayer, the Treasury proved very unready to agree in view of the constant drain for the support of the forces in the newly conquered regions in Canada and the Ohio Valley.



Title Page of a Book recommending the English Development of the Senegal Region, 1759

From the beginning, therefore, Senegambia was starved and the elaborate governmental system that had been planned was never brought into effective operation.

Even before war broke out again and France came to the aid of the revolted American colonists in 1778, Senegambia was moribund.

A few ill-provided and undisciplined garrisons held certain forts in West Africa, but none of the high hopes of trade had been achieved.

The French still monopolised the gum trade at Goree, and their new factory at Albreda had cut seriously into the trade of the British merchants on the Gambia.

There were serious quarrels among the officers of the British garrison at Fort St. Louis, and when hostilities began they were in a very ill state to withstand French attack.

But they did not easily give in and from 1779, when the first attack was launched, until 1782 there was constant fighting along the Senegal with success swaying first one way and then another.

However, the matter was settled by the course of events elsewhere. In the negotiations at Versailles in 1783, England had to accept the results of ill-success in the war. The French insisted on the re-cession of the Senegal and refused to acknowledge England's monopoly of rights along the Gambia.

They retained Albreda, to be the subject of many later disputes, but England had to give up St. Louis and Goree, and with them any chance of retaining Senegambia.

The province was irretrievably lost and to-day it is France that has established a widespread empire in West Africa with only the remnant of the old English settlement on the Gambia to break its continuity and to remind one of the disappointed hopes of Pitt and his advisers.

The Black Man's Taxation

By Cleland Scott

NOWADAYS an attempt is being made to suggest that the Black Man's "Burden" is excessive in the way of taxation. This, of course, is not true.

Sir Alan Pim suggested that the limit of taxation age should be raised from sixteen to eighteen years and that there should be a reduction on the tax on extra huts.

To take the former first. At sixteen an African is a man—natives develop far quicker than Europeans—and at that age he demands—and gets—a man's wages. Why should he then not pay a man's taxes?

A mere youth, who has been educated, can earn a minimum of fifty shillings a month in many forms of employment, so a tax of twelve shillings a year does not appear harsh.

The suggestion of reducing the tax on extra huts is putting a premium on polygamy, which hardly seems to go well with Christian teachings.

The reason for this is that if a man owns three huts and, therefore, three wives, he is obviously in a financial position to pay more tax than a bachelor or a man with one wife.

Africans still reckon wealth in wives, and all savings go towards the purchase of stock which in turn buy more wives.

Lord Moyné, when he came out to Kenya, laid down that half the amount collected in native taxation should be returned to them in improved social services.

It is now proposed that over and above this half the native should benefit further to the tune of an extra £16,000.

Who is to pay the difference? The white settler, of course. And yet he is accused of exploiting the African and of being pampered in general. Actually he subsidises the native.

News from Canada

RECENTLY another Canadian seaport, beside Vancouver, celebrated an important anniversary. It was the other Yarmouth, in Nova Scotia, which is now 175 years old.

In 1761 a group of eighty pioneers left Cape Cod, Massachusetts for an area in Nova Scotia formerly known as Cap Fourchu — so-called by Champlain and meaning "forked" or "cloven." After the capture of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759, a further number of New Englanders migrated and settled on a piece of land granted to the prospectors from Yarmouth, Massachusetts, who promptly named the village after their own home town.

During a first winter of unusual severity the supply ship failed them and they were forced to subsist on fish and venison from the friendly Micmacs.

But the town thrived and launched its first ship five years later, so beginning an industry that has made Yarmouth-built ships famous the seven seas over.

Exports of Canadian halibut in a fresh state to the British market is increasing rapidly. A few days ago over 200 cases were disposed of, bringing our total halibut expenditure for the past twelve months up to over £40,000. There are many reasons for increase. One is the excellence of the fish itself; another improved packing, while the third, and perhaps most important, is the highly nutritious value of the fish's liver.

Canada is still breaking her own records in gold production. In July

of this year 319,505 ounces were produced, worth something over £2,500,000. During the first seven months of this year the output, according to statistics just issued, totalled 2,087,014 ounces, an increase of over 15 per cent. for the same period of 1935.

The year 1935 made history in the Dominion when she broke all previous records of gold production for both quantity and value. Even so, every month this year has been greater than the preceding month, and there is every indication that 1936 will provide another record.

Few industrial romances of recent years have been more striking than that of Canadian mining. In various parts of the country old claims are being re-opened and virgin soil penetrated, with the result that new townships are opening up almost in a night.

A year ago, for example, Bourlamaque, in the Northern Quebec mining area, consisted of a few log cabins. To-day the population is 2,000 and it boasts of more than 100 good houses, a fine school, a modern business block, an up-to-date cinema, while a hotel is in course of construction. Streets are being made and the town expects to have 5,000 people living within its boundaries within the next few months.

This amazing development is accounted for by the fact that Bourlamaque is in the centre of a rich goldmine area, and that prospectors have been able, although it is twenty miles from the railroad, to explore its possibilities by using the aeroplane for transportation.

New Zealand's Trade Offer

NEW ZEALAND is prepared to give the United Kingdom first access to the goods she produces and no agreement will be made with any other country until this country says "Yes" or "No."

Mr. Walter Nash, New Zealand's Minister of Finance and Marketing, made that statement at a British Empire League luncheon at the May Fair Hotel on Monday.

He said that New Zealand was prepared to offer this country the credits which were realised from the sale of the Dominion's products in the United Kingdom.

Rare Painting for Calcutta

A LARGE oil painting by Thomas Daniell has arrived in Calcutta to be added to the collections in the Victoria Memorial.

The painting depicts Buckingham House and Old Government House, Calcutta, where Warren Hastings once lived. The canvas is signed and dated 1787, and as the Daniells arrived in Calcutta in 1785 or 1786, it is one of the earliest paintings of the city by the elder artist.

The view of old Government House in this picture is a very unusual one; the building was situated at the corner of Old Court House Street and the Esplanade, the railings on the right of the composition showing the alignment of the latter.

Apart from its historical interest this picture is of high aesthetic value as it is a particularly good example of the earlier style and technique of Thomas Daniell.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3; Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

CALLENDER, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5059.

ELY, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2/15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

LONDON.—Shaftesbury Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2; 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, H. & C. Water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon.—Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-. Lun., 3/6 and 4/-. Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

PAIGNTON, DEVON.—Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns.; from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/-. Garden.

RYDE, I.O.W.—Royal Squadron Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3½ gns. 1 minute from Pier. Golf, tennis, bowls and bathing. Cocktail bar. Fully licensed.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SIDMOUTH.—Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

UNLICENSED

BEXHILL, Sussex.—Clevedon Guest House. Beautifully situated with garden. Good Cooking. From 3 guineas. Special winter terms. Telephone 2086. Apply Proprietress.

BRIGHTON (HOVE).—NEW IMPERIAL HOTEL. First Avenue. Overlooking sea and lawn. Comfortable residential hotel. LIFT. Central Heating, etc. Vita Sun Lounge. From 4 gns. Special residential terms.

BUDE, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view.—Pens., 4 gns. each per week, full board. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Leas Cliff Hall. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best."—3-4 gns.; Winter, 2 gns.—Prop., Miss Sykes of the Olio Cookery Book.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

LONDON.—ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

CORA HOTEL, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEMBERSHIP of the INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief.—Address: Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Markets in Suspense

By Our City Editor

THE effect of the domestic crisis on Stock Markets has been much smaller than even the most optimistic speculator could have imagined, and the fact emerges that investment resources at the moment are sufficient to outweigh almost any news of disaster, short of war itself. In the past few months we have seen that successive crises and threats of trouble from abroad could have only temporarily adverse influence on the Stock Markets. Now, in the midst of the hour of trouble at home, the effect has been merely to arrest the bull movement and to suspend business, but not, as would seem almost to be justified, to cause considerable liquidation.

The probable reason for this position is that the public have bought speculative securities, not as a mere gamble, but purely because the Treasury's cheap money policy has rendered yields on investment stocks entirely unattractive. Hence the tight hold on securities even of the speculative type, which are not thrown on the market now in times of the most extreme trouble. Actually, gilt-edged stocks have felt the strain more than any other section, and this mainly because of sales by foreign holders. So far as can be seen at such a time, the course of security movements in the next few months must be very much quieter than has been the case this year, but, unless the situation should grow even worse, there seems little probability of a way of liquidation.

The Rise in Argentines

A feature of the past few weeks has been the steady rise in Argentine securities of all descriptions and particularly in the Rails, where the optimistic tone of the Central Argentine meeting helping to encourage buyers of the preference and ordinary stocks. The rise, however, has been overdone despite the better outlook for the primary producing countries on the rise in commodity prices, for exchange is the factor that counts heaviest, and there is little sign of any substantial concession to the railways in this connection.

The Argentine Government has also to show a rather better recognition of the poor return available to British investors of capital in their country before any fresh investment of British capital can be expected. The Argentine Government has kept faith with its bondholders, but only at the expense of the investor in British-owned companies in Argentina. It is possible to visualise the Argentine peso eventually being stabilised at a rate more favourable to the railways than that now ruling, but such an event is so far ahead as to rule out immediate speculation as to the rate which may be adopted, and in any case nothing sufficiently favourable to rid the companies of their enormous exchange losses can be imagined. The Central Argentine Railway, for instance, made an

exchange loss of over £1,000,000 last year and the 6 per cent. preference stock dividend is owing (on £5,000,000 of stock) since June, 1932. Yet the ordinary stock has come up this year from 8½ to 26. At this level the ordinary stock looks dear.

Rubber Boom Hopes

A well-known planter has recently been writing in an American paper forecasting a Rubber boom in about three or four years' time. His reasons are logical, but they depend on the maintenance or increase of demand for the commodity at its present level. Given this condition, it must be agreed that there is every possibility that the present rate of supply will become inadequate. The writer's great point, however, is that the present quota of 70 per cent. of standard tonnages represents practically full capacity since the standard quota was originally so vastly exaggerated. Planting has been severely restricted and no big increase in productivity can be looked for for about six years or more. Hence the possibility of a shortage around 1940. Whatever the correctness of this forecast, Rubber shares look good for a rise next Spring, and buyers at present prices can afford to be patient.

Carreras Bonus

Carreras Ltd., the well-known tobacco manufacturers, announce results which recall the halcyon days of 1929. Net profits have risen to £1,294,833 and the balance available, including £1,282,834 brought forward is £2,517,667. The ordinary dividend is 35 per cent. again but it is accompanied by a 10 per cent. bonus compared with a bonus of 5 per cent. last year. Further, after all appropriations including £50,000 to contingencies, there is £1,517,413 to be carried forward, and the directors propose to capitalise £708,626 of this balance and to distribute a capital bonus of 40 per cent. in "B" shares. The company has always maintained a remarkably strong cash position and shareholders are now reaping their due reward from the Board's policy. The £1 shares stand at 11½, their highest price since 1930.

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS

OVER 5,000 DOCTORS PRESCRIBE REMEDY

(Figures certified by well-known Chartered Accountants)

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA AND KINDRED ILLS ALSO RELIEVED.

In recent years an increasing body of medical opinion has turned to the support of a particular remedy for Rheumatoid Arthritis and allied ills. This remedy, which is known as "Curicones," has been strikingly successful in a large number of varied Rheumatic and Arthritic cases.

It has achieved both the relief and cure of Chronic Rheumatic afflictions. The fact that in 1931 300 doctors were recommending or prescribing "Curicones" and this year—1936—5,037 doctors are so doing suggests that "Curicones" remedy warrants the attention of Rheumatic and Arthritic sufferers. (The figures given are certified by a well-known firm of Chartered Accountants.) "Curicones" are small, tasteless gelatine capsules. They are easily swallowed and cause no interruption of the daily routine. The selected remedial ingredients in "Curicones" travel to the affected regions by the agency of the blood-stream; round off the sharp points of the uric acid crystals (thereby relieving pain); then they dissolve the crystals in their entirety, all traces being expelled through the normal channels of excretion.

In their final action "Curicones" reduce the acid content of the blood to the healthy normal—some 3 milligrammes per 100 c.c.

"Curicones" are obtainable from all Chemists.

Sole Manufacturers: STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., LTD.,
Manufacturing Chemists, 19/21, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4.

THEATRE NOTES

Art and Craft

Embassy Theatre

(Michael Egan)

THIS is another of those plays wherein a simple and innocent girl strays in and wins the heart of a not so innocent bachelor from her sophisticated rivals. The girl is Irish, on the brink of becoming a nun, the man a moderately successful artist with a studio in Chelsea.

This little comedy appears to have been written as a vehicle for that sterling Irish actor, Mr. Arthur Sinclair, who plays the artist's "man." To that end the author has been fairly successful. I say "fairly" because the framework is a trifle on the light side for the full and ripe methods of Mr. Sinclair. He never quite bursts the frame, but there are one or two anxious moments when it bends.

I hope the students at the Embassy School (and other schools) have sat in front and watched the superb technique of this fine actor. I hope they have noted his "timing," his sureness of touch, his facial play and the modulation of his rich voice. There is a spine in Mr. Sinclair's art and craft.

The end to the play is, as it stands, ineffective, but I understand the author is writing a new ending, so all may be well.

Mr. Robert Newton gave an extremely amusing and convincing portrait of the artist. As the innocent Irish girl with a fascinating brogue, Miss

Aileen O'Connor is charming in a quiet way and understands the value of repose. Miss Violet Loxley, Mr. Geoffrey Sumner and Miss Lilian Frances contribute some good work on this Chelsea canvas.

To and Fro

Comedy Theatre

SO many people seem to have been associated with the devising, presentation, production and general manhandling of this revue that one would have expected it to be better. On the other hand, when one considers the "too many cooks" angle, it might have been considerably worse.

It was all rather undergraduate, quite pleasant in places and bad-tempered in others, the sort of thing one would expect at an O.U.D.S. smoker but not quite West End. The authors seemed to be striving after Coward and not quite getting there: neither conscience nor anything else made Cowards of them all.

Such excellent artists as Miss Viola Tree, Miss Hermione Baddeley, Mr. Cyril Ritchard and Mr. Esme Percy can never fail to give full value for money, yet I have seen Miss Baddeley do better things, Miss Viola Tree more funny, Mr. Cyril Ritchard more adroit and Mr. Esme Percy more at home. I do not wish to appear to praise the revue with faint damns—if I may borrow a phrase from a well-known critic—but I must be honest and say that if I had seen it in Oxford or Cambridge just after the war I should have been vastly amused. As it was I was disappointed.

C.S.

**THE
SUPREME
TRIBUTE
TO YOUR
GUESTS**



S U P R E M E

F O R 2 0 0 Y E A R S

**BOOTH'S
DRY
GIN**

THE ONLY Matured GIN



SOME OF THE RESEARCH LABORATORIES

The work of the Research Institute of the Hospital (a school of the University of London) is well known and widely appreciated. Professor E. L. Kennaway, the Director of The Research Institute, and Professor J. W. Cook, Research Chemist, were awarded this year a prize for their outstanding achievement in cancer research by the Union Internationale Contre le Cancer which comprises the representatives of 45 Nations.

THE CANCER PROBLEM

TO the average man who is not a statistician it means little or nothing to be told that cancer mortality claims 0.15% of the total population of the Country every year. It comes a little nearer home when it is explained that this percentage means that 61,572 people die of cancer every year in England and Wales alone.

And it does not claim only the aged and infirm, who may be regarded as having passed their period of usefulness to the community at large. It takes those in the full maturity of life—the mother just getting interested in launching her sons and daughters into life—the politician about to take high office—the business man at the zenith of his success, or the working man with an expensive growing family to maintain. The social and economic problems produced by the toll that cancer takes cannot, therefore, be exaggerated.

There is no room for reasonable doubt that the discovery of the cause and cure of cancer will come—but it won't come as a flash of inspiration in a moment. It will come as the result of long continued, laborious and exacting work such as is carried on at the Research Institute of The Royal Cancer Hospital.

*Please send a Christmas Gift to
The Earl of Granard.*

The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD

LONDON, S.W.3

Lady Houston's Cold Cure has Cured Thousands—Let it Cure You

In the days of Good Queen Victoria, who, wholly to our advantage, ruled us with a rod of iron and made her Ministers shiver in their shoes, there lived a celebrated physician named Dr. Abernethy, famed alike for his skill and his *rudeness*, of whom this story is told.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" said Dr. Abernethy to a new patient entering his consulting room.

"Only a cold," said the patient, timidly.

"Only a cold," said the great man; "what more do you want—the *plague*?"

I tell you this in order to impress upon you how important it is not to neglect a cold, and how you should *immediately* take every means to fight it tooth and nail. A cold is the forerunner of pneumonia and bronchitis, and very often ends in death.

My cure for a cold is the amalgamated wisdom of many famous Doctors. Here it is:—

Immediately the slightest sign of a cold shows itself, the wisest thing to do is to go straight to bed, with a hot water bottle, wrap your head in a shawl and try and sweat it out—taking the remedies I am going to give you forthwith. But if you cannot go to bed it will, of course, take longer to cure you.

THE CURE

(This is not for lazy people!)

Start with a nasal douche by sniffing up your nostrils and gargling your throat with a teaspoonful of mild disinfectant (such as Listerine) or, what is equally good, a teaspoonful of salt (not Cerebos), dissolved in a tumblerful of hot water. This must be done immediately, and always before and after food.

Next take at least 2, perhaps 3, table-spoonfuls of Castor Oil (this, of course, you won't like, but it is very necessary). The way to take Castor Oil so that you don't taste it is to cut an orange in two, then fill a tablespoon with the oil, swallow it quickly and suck the orange, and you won't taste the oil at all.

Take half a small teaspoonful of Langdale's Cinnamon in water three times during the day.

You should take your temperature and, if above-normal, take 10 grains of Salicine (buy half a dozen packets of this drug—10 grains in each packet—and take one every two hours, taking not more than 3 doses in all). This, of course, is only for fever.

From the moment the cold starts, drink quantities of very hot water, as hot as you can sip it—about 2 big tumblers full at least every 2 hours.

Orange juice is very good taken for a cold, and also the juice of a lemon if put into hot water, or home-made lemonade, made with lemons cut up, with plenty of sugar, put into a jug with boiling water. This can be taken instead of the plain hot water.

Steep a small piece of cotton wool with Byard's Oil and put it up your nostrils and round your gums, several times during the day and night, and after drinking the hot water.

If you have a cough, Gee's Cough Linctus should be taken.

If the cough is very tiresome at night, a teaspoonful of yellow vaseline acts like magic and stops the cough immediately.

If the cold is not better after one day, continue the whole treatment again for another day, but if after two days there is no improvement, *which is most unlikely*, there must be complications and it would be best for you to consult a Doctor.

Lady Houston wishes it understood that this cold cure is only for a cold when it first makes its appearance and *not* for one that has been on for some time and becomes serious, or for bronchitis and pneumonia, but it will be found very useful for curing the cold before it becomes serious.

The Drugs to buy:—Listerine, Castor Oil, Byard's Oil, Langdale's Cinnamon, Gee's Cough Linctus, Yellow Vaseline.

If this remedy cures you, and I hope and believe it will, please report to me, and in payment let your fee be—just saying—God bless Lady Houston.

L.H.

Reprinted from "The Saturday Review," 14th November 1936

WHAT HAS THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS EVER DONE FOR ENGLAND?

IT has brought us every sort of trouble, loss of prestige, loss of trade with Italy and loss of work for Welsh miners, loss of millions of English money taken from the taxpayers' pockets, and the only solution of the mystery of this devastating policy to ruin us—one can think of is—that *Litvinoff must have extracted a promise from Mr. Eden that at all costs the League must be still continued* TO HELP THE BOLSHEVISTS CARRY ON THEIR DEVIL'S WORK TO DESTROY THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND CIVILISATION.



Battling Ramsay (to latest opponent): "For heaven's sake keep the fight going, Herbert, Look what's come now!"

("When are you going to sue me for libel? I am waiting," wired Lady Houston to the Premier, referring to an article which appeared in "THE SATURDAY REVIEW" which was banned by the newsagents.)